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Violence prevention: Teaching peace, tolerance, caring, and the value of all life to the eighth grade language arts student

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VIOLENCE PREVENTION:

TEACHING PEACE, TOLERANCE, CARING, AND THE VALUE OF ALL LIFE

TO THE EIGHTH GRADE LANGUAGE ARTS STUDENT

A Project

Presented to the

Faculty of

California State University,

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In Partial Fulfillment

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in

Education: Middle Grades Option

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ABSTRACT

In spite of the many violence prevention programs taught in the schools of America today, juvenile crime is rising at an alarming rate. A review of the related literature indicates that the most prevalent violence prevention programs have not produced the desired results. Recent literature indicates we must do more than educate students; we must change their attitudes. If violence prevention programs do not work, what does? It helps students to change when they see caring, nurturing role models and are in a school climate that builds community. Also, curriculum that teaches peace, tolerance, caring, and the value of all life should be built into our present lessons. This project supports these conclusions and it is aligned with the present California adopted textbooks, guides and frameworks. Activities have been thoughtfully chosen to cause students to begin to care about others, build tolerance into their lifestyle, and communicate with their teachers and classmates in a respectful manner. Also, included in my project is a needs assessment and an evaluation of the program.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The completion of this project toward my Master's Degree would not have been possible without the help and patience of some tolerant special people. I offer my sincere gratitude and appreciation to the following people: My children for their patience, my loving husband for his invaluable expertise on the computer, and Dr. Howard who patiently went the extra mile in providing expertise and help as I pursued the "Middle Road" towards my Master of Arts in Middle School Education.

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Chapter One: Introduction

How are we going to stop the random crime and violence affecting young children that is creeping into our neighborhoods and schools? The many violence prevention programs present today have not curbed this violence. "Everyday, guns kill the equivalent of a class of twenty-five youngsters and injure sixty more, according to the Children's Defense Fund," says Craig Sautter in his article, "Standing Up to Violence" in the *Phi Delta Kappan* special report on violence, January, 1995, (p. 2). We only have to read the paper and watch the evening news to see that more violent crimes are committed every year by children of younger ages.

Violence is definitely adversely affecting our nation's eighty-five thousand public schools, and statistics reveal that these problems do not occur only in urban areas (Sautter, 1995). The fact that violence is occurring in many schools is cause for alarm for all parents, teachers, students, and administrators (Garcia, 1994; Isaacs, 1994; Sautter, 1995). Because of these facts, students and parents are now more fearful when disagreements and

conflicts arise. We hear of students, concerned for their safety, who choose to remain at home rather than go to school. Teachers wonder if they are prepared if violence were to occur on their campus. Are we doing everything possible to educate our students to the dangers of violence and helping them to make wise choices? We realize it is imperative to do everything possible to prevent crime on our campuses. When violent acts occur, they affect students, parents and the whole community for years to come. Everyone becomes a victim (Sautter, 1995). If children fear attending school, can they devote themselves to their studies? The safety of students should be the number one concern for every school in America (Isaacs, 1994). It is for these reasons that teachers must teach tolerance, caring, and the value of all human life. Research reveals that this kind of teaching has a more lasting effect (Dill Haberman, 1995). Therefore, these principles should be taught in every classroom and at every grade level. However, this study will be limited to the eighth grade language arts classroom.

What is the state of our nation's schools today concerning violence? In many of the outlying suburbs of the greater Los Angeles, Southern California area, schools do not have violent campuses. However, they are beginning to see violence randomly erupt all around them. Educators must not close their eyes to changing behaviors. Rather, unsafe behavior must be addressed pro-actively before problems arise (Isaacs, 1994). For example, in some schools students tend to socialize and congregate in large groups. More students every year make a statement about their group by the clothing they wear. Where some schools have established dress codes, many students continue to violate the standard. More hate messages are seen in books, on walls and desks, even though students are carefully monitored and the environment is quickly restored (Sautter, 1995).

In some schools, these hate demonstrations increase particularly during the teaching of *The Diary of Anne Frank.* Anne's diary is in one of the state-adopted anthologies that is taught to all eighth grade students in many districts within the State of California. During the teaching of *The Diary of Anne Frank* unrest often develops between African

American and white students. Teasing, horseplay and name calling, and some fighting occasionally occurs. This unrest may develop because of a lack of tolerance or understanding of others' cultural values, religion, race or even disgust of another's speech, dress, or appearance. Also, some students who are uneducated about diversity in our culture, may carry the baggage of hatred, prejudice, and discrimination towards those who are different from themselves. When studying the *Diary of Anne Frank,* all of these issues are brought to the forefront, and some students do not know how to deal with them correctly. Some say, part of the answer to these problems is to take Anne Frank out of the eighth grade curriculum. Is this evading the real issue and not dealing with the problems of prejudice and discrimination that are still prevalent in today's society? The behaviors mentioned in this paragraph have all been witnessed by teacher observation in the Upland Unified School District. This district is a relatively peaceful, foothill suburb located just outside Los Angeles county. Instead of not addressing this behavior, we must reeducate our students and at least present correct information. Some

students may have never been taught how to make wise tolerant choices (Dill and Haberman, 1995).

Research has much to say regarding the issue of student violence and its prevention. "According to the National Schools Safety Center, last year [1994] guns led to thirty-five deaths in schools" (Sautter, 1995, p. 5). This figure seems low considering that every year since 1950 the number of American children gunned down each year has doubled. Now, homicide is the second leading cause of death for children between the ages of ten and twenty-four (Sautter, 1995, p. 2). Statistics reveal that we have had a major increase of juvenile delinquency since the 1950's. The difference is that guns have replaced fists and switch-blades (Sautter, 1995, p. 4).

> A Justice Department study found that twenty-two percent of inner city boys own guns. According to researchers at the University of Michigan, nine percent of eighth graders nationally, carry a gun, knife, or club to school at least once a month. The Michigan researchers estimated that students carry two hundred and seventy thousand guns to school each day. The National Education Association estimates that on any given day about one hundred and sixty thousand students stay home because of fear of violence" (Sautter, 1995, p. 5).

The American Psychological Association states that this behavior is learned and therefore, if it is learned, it can be unlearned (Sautter, 1995). Some researchers feel the violence moving into the suburbs can be attributed to gangs, drugs and the easy access to guns. Indeed, teens have found that there is easy money to be made in drug and gun trafficking. Seemingly, life is not something to be valued. Bing cites in his article "Do or Die," (*Harper Magazine*), 1991, that juveniles whom he was allowed to observe in a detention center came up with thirty-seven reasons why they would be willing to kill. Some of them were extremely trivial. For example, some of the answers were,

> 'Cause he asked me where I was from' or 'Cause he wearin' the wrong color.' Others stated, 'Cause he give me no respect,' and 'For the way he walk,' or 'Cause I don't like his attitude,' and 'Cause they ugly' (1991, p. 122-123).

These are chilling facts. One cannot read this information without becoming alarmed. Some feel that part of the problem is because many parents and teachers are not teaching children how to live in a civilized society. This is a complicated problem. It will not be solved easily.

Certainly, the school, if it is to survive as we know it, must do everything it can to prevent violence and educate our children to make wise life-lasting choices (Brown, 1994).

Many schools are already doing much to address the problem of violence. Some have peer counseling classes, and some teach skills in conflict resolution and peer mediation. Some occasionally search lockers. Seriously troubled students are identified and counseling is obtained through social services. Many schools have an established dress code to protect the safety of the students. Students often identify themselves by the clothing they wear. Gangs, skinheads, hunks, druggies, all have clothing representing their particular group. Dress codes eliminate some of the safety concerns associated particularly with gangs and clothing. Furthermore, it is common for intercoms to be installed in the classrooms of our schools. Also, walkie-talkies are used at all times by administrators who patrol the campus before and after school and during lunch. In the past few years, many schools have set school-wide objectives to increase student self-esteem.

In spite of all these efforts and in light of all the statistics, one cannot help wondering if we are addressing the real issues. Perhaps we have overlooked a cost-effective strategy. According to Chaskin's and Rauner's, study, students learn best when they feel comfortable, accepted, and respected in their classroom environment. The caring atmosphere creates a positive climate for learning (1995).

In light of the above facts, this project will address the issues of peace, tolerance, caring, and the value of all human life. This curriculum will be aligned with and enhance the present State curriculum and district guides. In light of the statistics on youth crime, it is a must to teach in a caring environment with multicultural and tolerance issues in mind. This should result in a more peaceful and caring multicultural classroom. Therefore, the main objectives of the project are as follows:

1) The students will read multicultural literature to promote self-esteem, cultural awareness, and respect for all human life.

2) The students will participate in activities to promote tolerance, caring and the value of all human life.

3) The students will study prejudice, discrimination, scapegoating, and will read the play, *The Diary of Anne Frank.*

Learning to practice peace and tolerance skills that include caring and appreciating the value of all life, should be a high priority goal for the future of our schools. This project will present some of the literature supporting the objectives and desired outcomes as presented in the objectives. The literature and activities are included in the following chapters to help the language arts classroom teacher. The desire is to have more peaceful households and schools within our communities. Hopefully, our neighborhoods will gradually become less violent, too. We must curb violence in America! This outcome will not happen overnight. As more and more students of all ages become increasingly aware of our violent society and our lack of tolerance toward others, students will learn to value all life.

This project will also teach students to care about others, and avoid prejudice, discrimination and scapegoating. The curriculum can begin with literature and activities in language arts classrooms. Hopefully, as more and more teachers incorporate tolerance issues into existing lessons, our halls, classrooms and campuses will take on a more peaceful climate. As we approach and enter the twenty-first century, students, teachers and parents will recognize the importance of caring about others and the value of all human life. People of every race, creed, and color deserve respect and honor. This should be our vision!

Chapter Two: Review of Related Literature

Introduction

Recent literature has much to say about violence and violence prevention in our nation's public schools. This chapter will present the literature as it applies to the objectives presented in chapter one. Literature on the following topics will be reviewed:

1. Celebrating Core Families and Learning to Appreciate the Diversity of Cultures
2. Climate in the Classroom: Caring, Safe and Respectful
3. Character Education: Teaching the Value of All Life
4. The Teaching of Tolerance: The Value of All Life, Versus Scapegoating, Prejudice, and Discrimination.

Celebrating Core Families: Appreciating Diversity

Much of the literature agrees that one of the first things schools can do to curb violence is to create small core families within the larger school (Carnegie Council on Adolescent Development, 1989). Also, Jackson Toby in 1994 states that you,

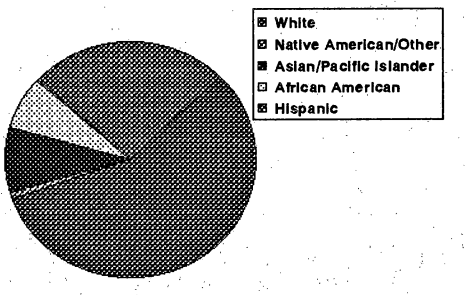
> break through the anonymous, impersonal atmosphere of jumbo high schools and junior highs by creating smaller communities of learning within larger structures, where teachers and students can come to know each other well.... Such a strategy promotes a sense of community and encourages strong relationships to grow between teachers and students. Destructive student subcultures are less likely to emerge (p.47).

When students are more closely monitored in a core setting problems are more easily caught before they get out of hand. Likewise, when teachers and students know each other and feel close to one another, students are more apt to listen, show respect for the teacher, and learn. (Carnegie Council on Adolescent Development, 1989; Toby, 1994). The literature suggests that after core families are formed, there is much that schools can do to prevent disorder, violent behavior, and encourage tolerance. Research indicates that every school should establish its own broad school safety plan to combat violence. The plan should have specific goals and objectives, and should prepare for a crisis should one arise. It should bring parents, teachers, students, and the community into the planning process and continue to educate all involved

(Sautter, 1995). This project does not present a plan for the entire school, but instead it focuses on what the eighth grade language arts teacher can incorporate within the classroom. However, many of these strategies can and should be used in all classrooms of the junior high school. One way students learn more about tolerance in the classroom is by learning about their classmates' cultural backgrounds and by learning to value those backgrounds.

Cultural diversity and a changing population is unique in the State of California.

Resident population in California, 1990



White - 57.2%	Native American Other - 0.8%	Asian/Pacific Islander - 9.1%	African American - 7.0%	Hispanic 25.8%

James Parker (1993), states,

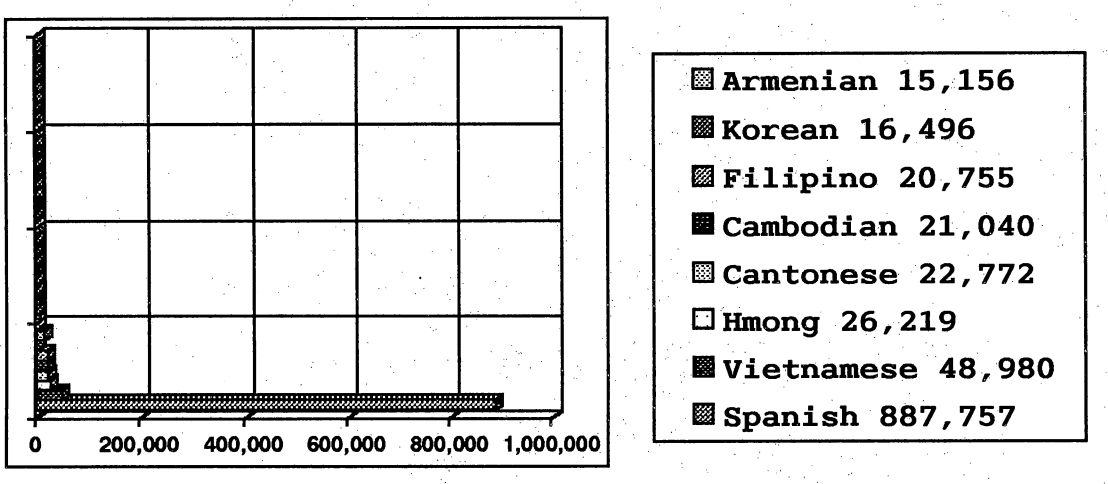
> California's racial, ethnic and language diversity is almost without precedence in America. Census figures from 1991 show that among the fifty states only three have a greater non-white population percentage than California: two in the Deep South, and the other in Hawaii, with its large Asian population (p. 18).

Parker (1993), further states that California's white population is declining and will continue to decline in the years to come. Patricia Marshall (1993), in her article, "Concerns About Teaching Culturally Diverse Students," states,

> The one word that best describes contemporary students, curricula, and school philosophies is diverse. [Marshall continues] a 1991 report conducted by the College Board and Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education report indicated that diverse student populations in the United States are expected to increase dramatically by the year 1994. Specifically, Asian and Pacific Islander student populations are predicted to increase by 70 percent, Hispanic by 54 percent, and African-American by 13 percent. While this diverse climate presents challenges, undoubtedly it also creates concerns among school personnel. Teachers [and students] may feel a definite need to develop a heightened sensitivity and cross-cultural awareness for...today's student populations (p. 73).

In fact, these predictions have come true. The California Department of Education released the following information showing the trend in the number of limited-English-proficient students in California public schools (Melandez, 1995). Note, on the following page, the percentage of increase between 1989 and 1993 in the second graph.

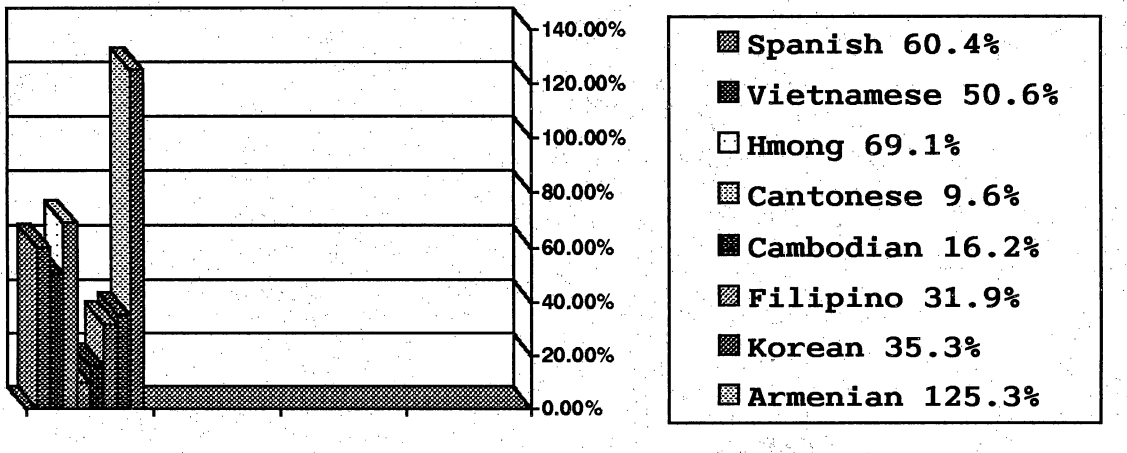
Trend in Number of Limited-English-Proficient Students in California Public Schools



The United States Census Bureau also released information in 1994, entitled, "The Foreign Born Population." This report stated that 22.6 million people in the United States are foreign born and that about one-forth

of these people arrived between 1990 and 1994. In contrast, about the same number of foreign born arrived in the United States in the whole decade of the 1970's.

Percentage of Increase Between 1989 and 1993



The Census bureau reported that California has the highest number of foreign born residents, 25%. New York has the second highest with 16%. At the time of this report in 1994, the average in the entire United States of foreign born residents was 8.7%, significantly higher that 7.9% reported four years earlier. The urban institute projects that if the current trends continue to the year 2045, the number of foreign born residents will reach as high as 13-14%.

In light of these statistics, teachers face a changing population. As this trend continues, teachers must strive to interest students with different backgrounds and expectations. These students need to be educated to fit into mainstream America and also become adequately prepared for productive careers in our society.

Dorothy Engan-Barker (1994), a faculty member in the Department of Educational Foundations, College of Education, Mankato State University, Mankato, Minnesota, states, "that even without a law, [as teachers] we are bound by professional ethics to become 'culturally literate' because we know this is linked to students' school success" (p.25). Both teachers and students should have the opportunity to learn of each others' cultures, therefore, all students will feel more comfortable with one another and more accepting of different behaviors. Also, more students will feel accepted and more at home in the classroom. According to Banks (1993), to be truly united we must all be appreciated and feel that we belong. He states that textbooks must reflect the hopes, dreams, and disappointments of all people in our country. As teachers, we have the opportunity to help

students adjust to a new culture while allowing them pride in their own ethnic heritage. We must remember that many of us are only a generation or two removed from being part of an immigrant population.

Thus, multicultural sensitivity is for all teachers if we are truly going to encourage community within our classrooms (Marshall, 1993). Maya Angelou, in her poem, *Human Family* (1990), speaks well for developing community.

> I note the obvious differences in the human family
> Some of us are serious, come thrive on comedy.
>
> Some declare their lives are lived as true
> profundity,
> and others claim they really live the real
> reality.
>
> The variety of our skin tones can confuse, bemuse,
> delight,
> brown and pink and beige and purple, tan and blue
> and white.
>
> I've sailed upon the seven seas and stopped in
> every land,
> I've seen the wonders of the world, not yet one
> common man.
>
> I know ten thousand women called Jane and Mary
> Jane,
> but I've not seen any two who really were the
> same.
>
> Mirror twins are different although their features
> jibe,

and lovers think quite different thoughts while
lying side by side.

We love and lose in China, we weep on England's
moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea, and thrive on
Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland, are born and die in
Maine.
In minor ways we differ, in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences between each sort
and type,
but we are more alike, by friends, than we are
unlike.

Much of the recent research indicates that as teachers we must strive to nurture caring, tolerant classrooms which encourage community. Also, we must encourage multicultural awareness within our curriculum. In this way, we teach the differences and commonalties of our human family (Banks, 1993; Barker, 1994; Marshall, 1993). The following section will present literature related to producing more gentle, caring communities within our classrooms, and therefore, avoid violence.

Climate in the Classroom: Caring, Safe, and Respectful

Paul Garcia (1994), in his article, "Creating a Safe School Climate," has much to say about safety in a wider

context than simply assuming that most school violence is gang related. He suggests that many schools have created a larger gang problem by turning their schools into a police state. According to Garcia (1994), a police state includes: increased surveillance with video cameras, metal detectors, and two-way radios. It also includes, tougher discipline with stricter dress codes, and possibly school uniforms. It means zero tolerance for weapons and drugs. These so called police state schools have more school security and tougher punishment with an increase in suspensions. Garcia (1994), maintains that this has created more isolation and discrimination for some students. He states that schools must have a vision for all students to learn and work together peacefully. Schools should create a climate whereby every student can thrive, contribute, and learn. He maintains that while restructuring, schools should do the following:

1. Give all students a voice in the decision making process on committees, task forces and councils.
2. Promote a strong academic environment free of racial tensions and other discrimination.

3. Build unity and self esteem by not isolating, segregating, and tracking students.
4. Create diverse opportunities for all students to experience success (Garcia, 1994).

Literature suggests that in order to insure the safety of all students, we must do most of the very things that Garcia claims create police state schools. However, the following literature suggests we also must remember to care for, nurture, and develop sensitivity for all students. We must not be willing to give up on some and allow them to slip through the cracks. If we care for all students, we may change a "police state" into a caring community.

Vicky Schreiber Dill and Martin Haberman (1995), in their February, 1995 article, "Building a Gentler School," also address the topic of safe schools. They remind us how to become the role models for students who have only experienced violence and conflict during their lifetime. They suggest that students need the following:

1. Gentle teaching
2. Moral vision
3. Teaching on problem solving

4. Practice in decision making

Dill and Haberman also state that "to counter the culture of violence in school, we must model gentle responses to aggression...it may be the only glimpse...that aggressive students will ever witness" (p. 70.). Also, teachers must avoid an authoritarian and directive approach to teaching for "Authoritarian responses do not relieve the fear, distrust, verbal threats, and physical pain many children bring to school" (1995, p. 70).

Richard Curwin (1995), in his article, "A Humane Approach to Reducing Violence in Schools," takes gentle teaching a step further. He gives specific steps to build a "Humane superhighway that transcends the information superhighway.... The curriculum of the future will either be a merger of the technological and the humane, [teaching morals] or we will come to a rapid end" (p.72). The next section of the literature will present some techniques to encourage the teaching of values and character education to control and reduce violence on our campuses.

Character Education: Teaching the Value of All Life

Richard Curwin (1995), who is the co-author of

Discipline With Dignity believes we must do the following if we are to prevent violence.

1. Teach alternatives to violence by practicing conflict resolution, peer mediation, anger control, and possibly, the program of *Discipline with Dignity*.
2. Teach students how to make choices.
3. Teachers, administrators, and counselors all model patient, anger free responses to student behavior.
4. We need to teach values; all life is precious and must be respected and valued. We will not tolerate prejudice; school is for all students (1995).

Curwin (1995), states that to teach values, we must:

1. Reduce cynicism, be optimistic.
2. Welcome all students - treat all students like we want them in school. Every student is to feel valued.
3. Base discipline on values and allow students to contribute to the decision making process.

Do violence prevention programs work alone? Consider the following:

> ...a review of three popular violence prevention curriculums, *Violence Prevention Curriculum for Adolescents*, Washington [DC], *Community Violence Prevention Program*, and *Positive Adolescent Choices Training*, (Webster 1993) found no evidence that they produce long-term changes in violent behavior or decrease the risk in victimization.... In their survey of fifty-one violence prevention programs, Wilson-Brewer and colleagues (1991) found that fewer than half of the programs even claimed to have reduced levels of violence, and few had any data to back up their claims (p.61).

Instead of violence prevention programs, we must do some of the following in our classrooms, if we are to change attitudes. Johnson and Johnson (1995), give some suggestions.

1. Don't attempt to eliminate all conflicts. We need to teach students how to manage their conflicts and then positive results will occur.
2. To create a cooperative context, try to change the whole school environment into a caring community. This involves more cooperation instead of competition from students and teachers alike.
3. Provide for a decrease in student risk factors.

Try to avoid academic failures at all costs, for failure places a child at risk for violent behavior. Also avoid alienation from other classmates. Use cooperative learning strategies. This in turn will produce stronger psychological health for at-risk students. When students are taught to share, work cooperatively with others, and help others; they develop more self-esteem, and are more resilient to stress.

4. Use academic controversy to increase learning. Show students that conflicts can have positive results. When students talk about their problems, they learn to value others and see their differences in a new light.

Teaching Tolerance: The Value of Life Versus Scapegoating, Prejudice, and Discrimination

The United States Holocaust Memorial Council in their magazine, *Guidelines For Teaching About The Holocaust* (1993), state there is no better way to teach an appreciation for diversity and the correctness of this

appreciation than to teach about the Holocaust. The United States Memorial Council (1993), states that the Holocaust is a time in history during World II when over six million Jews, and a half million Gypsies and at least 250,000 mentally retarded, and the physically disabled were systematically annihilated. This topic is extensively documented, it examines basic moral issues, and it provides opportunity to examine human behavior in light of extremely difficult situations. The Council (1993), also reminds us that,

> Democratic institutions and values are not automatically sustained, but need to be appreciated, nurtured, and protected; silence and indifference to the suffering of others, or to the infringement of civil rights in any society, can-however, unintentionally-serve to perpetuate the problems; and the Holocaust was not an accident in history-it occurred because individuals, organizations, and governments made choices which not only legalized discrimination, but which allowed prejudice, hatred, and ultimately mass murder to occur.... The Holocaust was a watershed event, not only in the 20th century, but in the entire history of humanity (p.1).

By studying the Holocaust, students learn about the results of prejudice, racism, and stereotyping. The issue

of stereotyping is also addressed by California Assembly Speaker, Emeritus Willis L. Brown (1995), who states in *Response* magazine,

> Most of the horrendous acts that have been committed throughout human history were the result of a conviction by one or more groups that another group of people were to blame for most problems and therefore deserving of all manner of inhuman treatment. We must resist this practice of scapegoating with all our might, because it serves as a perverted excuse for inhuman acts.... [Brown states] I believe that we should design our school curricula so that every child can understand the awful cost of intolerance. And in our homes we must instill our children with respect for all human life (p. 14).

In 1995, Gerald Margolis, Ph. D. and director of the Museum of Tolerance, states in *Response* Magazine,

> For the Museum of Tolerance communicating an appreciation for diversity is no longer just a desirable goal; it is understood as a survival imperative for our multicultural democracy.... Our sense of today is informed by our understanding of the past (p. 15).

"Yes, remember the children [of the holocaust], listen, listen well to the tale of what they have seen, what they have gone through. For you [our students] are the new spring in the forest of the world," by Gerda Weissmann Klein, in the poem, "Promise of a New Spring" (Klein, p.

29). The literature that has been presented in chapter two will serve as a basis for the activities to be presented in chapter three. Hopefully, as students study the past and are presented with viable positive choices, the promise of "A NEW SPRING" will be within every child's grasp.

Chapter Three: Plan for Teaching Caring and the Value of Human Life

This chapter is an instructional plan for teaching caring and the value of life to the eighth grade language arts student. It was designed for use in the state of California, but it can be adapted for use in most any middle school program. Language arts in the state of California and at many district levels includes an abundance of curriculum. Therefore, this project is designed to coincide with and enhance curricula which teachers are already teaching. Old curriculum is reorganized and packaged in a way that addresses the objectives of the project. Simply stated that is: to teach teenagers to avoid violence and recognize the value of all human life. When teenagers begin to care, their attitudes change, and this produces lasting effects (Dill, Haberman, 1995).

Much evidence has already been presented that suggests a need for this curriculum. Many teachers find it overwhelming to design new units of study to address current social and moral issues. Hopefully, the eighth grade language arts teacher will find this to be a practical tool

to be used along with other guides in designing curricula for the year.

Guidelines

Most of this chapter will be devoted to the presentation of curriculum and activities related to the objectives of the project. Additionally, chapter three will address four other areas of study besides curriculum. A needs assessment survey is reviewed. This assessment is necessary whenever making any kind of curriculum changes. In order for teachers to readily accept the project, they need to have input from the beginning. Their needs and concerns must be addressed (Appendix A). The remainder of the chapter includes additional suggestions for teaching practices. Also, included are suggestions to encourage short-term and long-term commitment on the part of teachers. Additionally, incentives for the use of the program will be discussed.

Curriculum:

Chapter three presents curriculum in two units of study. The first unit, *The History of Me*, is taught at the beginning of the year. Students learn about each other's

cultures, values and traditions. They will also have opportunity to become better acquainted, and develop self-esteem. The students will read poetry and selections of literature representing cultures from around the world. They will prepare a short speech depicting their life to be video taped. Next, they will make a timeline, a family tree, and feast on foods from around the world. They will also tell about one holiday tradition in their family. While studying this family tradition they will research their family ancestry. *The History of Me* unit presents required curriculum from the California State Framework for Language Arts. The studies incorporate the principles of Into, Through and Beyond, and include Process Writing.

Teachers will make use of a type of cooperative learning throughout this unit. Students are to be seated in groups of six. They will work together in pairs.

At the end of the year students participate in a second unit, *Studying the Past for a Peaceful Tomorrow*. This unit of work was developed for the study of the play, *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. This remarkable play takes words from Anne's own diary and

transforms them into a drama. The diary is a true story of a young Jewish girl's experiences while in hiding during World War II. The play offers wonderful lead-ins for teaching caring and the value of life verses prejudice, discrimination and scapegoating. The play is included in many of the state-adopted textbooks, and is included in some of the new English Language Arts textbooks that are soon to be considered for adoption.

It is suggested that this unit be taught at the end of the year when it is hard for students to focus. Student interest level is high for drama. Also, teens relate to thirteen year old Anne and her relationship with Peter. Furthermore, they seem to identify with the relational problems that she experienced with her mother and others while she was in hiding. Anne felt that everyone was against her and that no one understood her. Many students today feel this way. The students become emotionally involved in this story. When emotions are stirred, it is sometimes easier to address issues of caring and the value of life, especially, if that life is someone like yours with similar interests, needs, and desires.

The project suggests to spend much time on the background of the diary in order that students appreciate and understand exactly what is happening historically when they read the play. After the reading, students will study the location of the concentration camps and learn where each character in the play met their fate. Each student will prepare a timeline depicting Anne's brief life. They will also participate in various art and writing activities.

The main objectives of the curriculum for both units of study are as follows:

1. The students will learn of and also learn to respect each other's cultures.
2. The students will participate in activities to become better acquainted.
3. The students will participate in activities to develop self-esteem.
4. The students and parents will become acquainted with the teacher.
5. The students will read multicultural literature and poetry.

6. The students will write poetry related to themselves and others.
7. The students will write an autobiographical essay.
8. The students will prepare visuals and works of art depicting their cultural backgrounds.
9. The students will participate in a verbal presentation to be video taped.

Needs Assessment:

The study of caring and the value of life is actually character education. Do we teach moral values and character education in the public schools? Theodore Roosevelt once said, "To educate in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society" (Lickona, 1993). "Character education is as old as education itself. Down through history, education has had two great goals: to help people become smart and to help them become good" (Lickona, 1993, p. 6). In years past, schools have drifted away from morals and character education; for the question has been asked, "Whose morals does one teach?" Recently, people from all walks of life, various ethnic, and religious backgrounds sense that our nation is in deep trouble. They are asking for a return to

morals in education. Consider the following: according to the National Research Council, we are now the most violent of all industrialized nations (National Research Council, 1992).

Why are so many people asking for a return to historic moral values in education? Lickona indicates that there are several reasons for this phenomenon. One, the decline of the American family (Lickona, 1993). Second, Lickona states that the American people sense that our nation's youth are in trouble. They are following the wrong role models, listening to too much violence on television, and are not receiving enough supervision. Also, moral decline and its effects are so great that many people are crying out for help. Lickona adds that there are some values that we can all agree to teach, such as respect, responsibility, trustworthiness, fairness, caring, and civic virtues (1993).

When teaching character education, it is important that we agree on a broad definition. Thomas Lickona writes in his article, *The Return of Character Education*, "Good character consists of knowing the good, desiring the good and doing the good. Schools must help children understand

the core values, adopt or commit to them, and then, act upon them in their own lives" (Lickona, 1993, p. 10).

As educators, we cannot simply stand by and do nothing. Joycelyn Elders, former Surgeon General of the United States, says,

> I am convinced that school offers us the best and easiest way to reach as many children as possible.... The most effective interventions with young children involve shaping their attitudes, imparting knowledge and modifying behaviors while the children are still open to positive influences.... Violence does not have to be a fact of life.... I know that this is a preventable problem (Elders, 1994, p. 262).

It is also important that all teachers involved in teaching the curriculum sense the need and are convinced that the program will benefit the students. Therefore, the first step in implementing this curriculum is to take a simple needs survey allowing all teachers to contribute. The purpose of the needs survey is to interest teachers in this curriculum and to point out areas for specific improvement in lesson planning. With a minimal amount of time and effort, teachers can include lessons to teach peace, tolerance, caring and the value of life. The survey

will also allow teachers to present their input and opinions in a non-threatening manner. The survey may be taken with the other eighth grade language arts teachers or the interdisciplinary core family. In either case, the survey will assess the needs and the present interest in the curriculum. Next, the results of the needs survey must be reviewed, shared, and discussed. Care must be taken to encourage teachers to respond with answers that reflect their honest opinions rather than with politically correct answers. Perhaps, by taking the survey together and allowing for discussion after each question, teachers may respond more spontaneously and honestly. The assessment is designed so that it can be quickly evaluated. It is suggested that before presenting the survey, teachers by way of introduction, be made aware of violence in our schools today and also the statistics regarding our multicultural population.

Specifically, the needs assessment will address multicultural curricula, concerns of student safety, and parent involvement. Also, teachers will be given opportunity to voice their own concerns.

Inclusion of Teachers:

Joycelyn Elders reminds us that for the well-being of our next generation, we must start early to teach children to change their behavior and to learn moral values. Also, children must learn how to solve their problems peacefully (1994). Ideally, the curriculum will be taught to children at all grade levels. However, this project, as stated, is designed for the middle school language arts teacher. Hopefully, after the needs assessment, there will be a buy-in of all language arts teachers in the school to address these issues. For without teacher involvement from the beginning, the project will not succeed.

What motivation do teachers have to teach this curriculum? First of all, according to the literature there are many benefits for the teacher and the student when caring and values are taught. A survey of one hundred and seventy-six schools that have started character and values programs reported the following:

1. Better discipline within the classroom
2. Greater student attendance
3. Less crime (stealing)

4. Improved attitudes

5. More student involvement

6. More respectful classrooms (Townsend, 1992).

It is obvious that all teachers desire the above for their classrooms. These are the very things that produce an ideal environment conducive to good learning.

If teachers are to become motivated to use this project, care must be taken to provide opportunities to present this curriculum to teachers on school time. Once teachers see a need, most of them appreciate receiving new and appropriate curriculum and activities when in-service and instruction are provided. Other incentives for teacher use of this project will be discussed later in chapter three.

Focus on Teaching Practices and Methods:

According to the research, the environment most conducive for teaching caring is one that creates a family atmosphere rather than an institutional one. Students need to feel safe, respected, comfortable, and accepted. There is also overwhelming evidence that students feel most

comfortable in the presence of a caring adult (Chaskin; Rauner, 1995).

Presently, some teachers and administrators are relating to students more as a concerned parent than an authority figure. Students are responding positively to these practices by developing a sense of belonging and self-worth (Gilbert, 1993).

Also, students themselves have much to say about caring teachers. Kris Bosworth writes in *Phi Delta Kappan,* 1995 that students say caring teachers do the following things.

1. They help you with your school work.
2. They are more positive and encouraging.
3. They show respect for others.
4. They are more tolerant.
5. They will walk around the room and check for understanding.
6. They help the student set goals and give advice and guidance.
7. They go the extra mile in meeting the students' needs.
8. They value the individual student.

For all teens that responded to this study, helping was most important in their eyes. In fact, "most students, regardless of grades, gender or race agreed that caring involved helping of some kind" (Bosworth, 1995, p. 692).

One cannot help but notice that the expectations for a caring teacher are overwhelming. It will take all teachers in a caring community working together to create this type of environment. For, it is evidenced that a caring environment creates a positive atmosphere for learning. This environment allows students to approach learning with an open attitude. It is then possible for teachers to teach (Chakin, Rauner, 1995)!

Long Term Commitment and Incentives:

As an incentive, a one day mini in-service should be provided by the district for all eighth grade English teachers. Also, some districts provide incentives by allowing teachers to meet together on paid time during the summer months. Whenever the in-service takes place, it should accomplish the following goals.

1. Teachers must recognize a need for character and values instruction. They must sense a need for

additional curriculum to teach caring and the value of all human life.

2. A needs survey must be administered to all teachers involved in using the materials (Appendix A).
3. The results of the needs survey must be reviewed, shared, and discussed.
4. The curriculum must be presented and made available to the teachers.
5. Next, plans are formed to introduce the curriculum to the students.
6. Check points, and dates for evaluation should be established to evaluate the progress and the acceptance of the materials.
7. After the end of the year evaluation, it is hoped that teachers will recognize the intrinsic values produced by the curriculum. Next, permanent changes can be written into the eighth grade language arts curriculum guide.
8. Teachers are encouraged to evaluate these materials continually at department meetings. They can share

successes and failures, and refine curriculum and activities.

No project would be complete without authentic evaluations. The next chapter will evaluate the curriculum, needs assessment, teacher practices and methods, and long term commitment and incentives.

Chapter Four: Evaluation

An evaluation of the curriculum and its usage is necessary for the ongoing use of the materials. This evaluation should be done at least on a yearly basis. Teachers may not use the curriculum at the same time. Therefore, the end of the year may be the best time to conduct the evaluation. If the materials are refined, additional curriculum included, and some deleted to benefit each situation, teachers will see the greatest amount of benefit from the program. Teachers who have input, discuss and correct problems that occur, and invest time and effort, will want to continue using the materials. All eighth grade language arts teachers who use the materials must be a part of the evaluation. Those who use the project are more likely to give constructive suggestions to improve the curriculum.

The purpose of the evaluation is not only to refine materials, but also to reveal the amount of teacher satisfaction, involvement, and long term commitment to the usage of the project. Therefore, the questions on the

evaluation will address the following areas already presented in chapter three of the project.

1. Needs Assessment
2. Inclusion of Teachers
3. Focus on Teaching Practices and Methods
4. Long Term Commitment and Incentives
5. The Curriculum

The evaluation instrument found in Appendix D is easy to assess. It includes twelve statements and questions. Teachers are to mark a number on a scale from one to five indicating their agreement or disagreement. Not only will the evaluation assess the value of the project, but it will quickly determine if teachers are using the materials in the suggested manner. Several questions address the usage of the materials, the amount of teacher participation, and the desire for their use. Other questions specifically analyze the various aspects of the project. There are also questions that measure student response, and growth. In addition their is opportunity for teachers to give written suggestions.

Needs Assessment:

The needs assessment evaluation can be used to identify areas of the project that may be weak. Several questions measure some aspect of the need for the project. This evaluation will allow teachers to determine weak areas. These can be addressed by the revision or addition of curriculum, activities, and teaching methods.

Inclusion of Teachers:

The purpose of this evaluation is to assess the number of teachers using the project. Several questions address the participation, planning, and involvement of the teachers.

Focus on Teaching Practices and Methods:

This evaluation focuses on what teachers did within their own classrooms. Low marks may indicate that the teacher did not participate to any great extent in studying the materials, nor invest significant time and effort in using them.

Long Term Commitment and Incentives:

This evaluation will tell the teachers if the in-service was adequate preparation for the usage of the

curriculum. The assessment will also reveal if teachers desire additional or different incentives. For example, do teachers want to meet during the summer on paid time for planning? Another option would be to use school time and have the district provide substitute teachers during the evaluation and planning.

Curriculum:

This area is the heart of the evaluation. Did the use of the curriculum produce changes in classroom participation and changes in attitudes? Did a sense of community occur within the classroom? This evaluation will help determine if the changes were of benefit to the student. The evaluation also allows for teacher suggestions.

Appendix A: Inservice Form

Teacher Needs Assessment:

Directions: Please mark with an X the degree to which you agree or disagree with the following statements or questions, five being the area of most agreement.

1. I understand family backgrounds, cultures, and concerns of my students.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

2. I know the needs of my students.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

3. I respect student diversity.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

4. I worry about violence at school.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

5. I network with parents.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

6. I am satisfied with family involvement and support.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

7. I know how to vary my teaching techniques for culturally diverse students.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

8. I know how to weave multicultural perspectives into existing curriculum.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

9. I appreciate the value of all my students.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

10. I am a positive, caring, respectful role model.

5_____ 4 _____3_____ 2 _____1
agree disagree

Appendix B: The History of Me

Overview and Main Objectives of the Unit:

1. The students will learn of and also learn to respect each other's cultures.
2. The students will become better acquainted.
3. The students will develop self-esteem.
4. The students and parents will become acquainted with the teacher.
5. The students will read multicultural literature.
6. The students will write an autobiographical essay.
7. The students will prepare visuals and works of art depicting their cultural background.
8. The students will participate in a verbal presentation to be video taped.

Lesson One: Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaabunagungamaugg

Reading Selection: "The Indian All Around Us" - essay by Bernard DeVoto

Objectives:

1. The students will read and answer questions about the origin of English words.
2. The students will make a list of 100 words originating from Indian languages.
3. To arouse the students' curiosity concerning the origin of words in the English language, they will practice saying the word: Chargoggagoggmanchau-gagoggchaubunagungamaugg.

Teaching Strategy:

As the students enter the room, have on display Indian artifacts, pictures, maps of reservations, art work, and poetry. This environment will set the mood for the introduction to The History of Me Unit. Also, the word Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg (otherwise known as Lake Webster) is written on the white board, overhead screen and on posters displayed in the room. A large map of the United States is in the front of the room.

Students and the teacher read the selection together. As the selection is read, the cities, states, rivers and mountains that have Indian names are located. After reading the selection, students make a list of one hundred words of Indian origin. As students form this list, they are reminded of the many present day contributions of Native Americans. Students are amazed to learn that Native Americans named hundreds of our plants, animals, and items of everyday use. Twenty-six of our states have Indian names, as well as many towns, cities, rivers, and lakes. Students will also learn about the origin of words in our English langusge.

Also, one at a time, students say, Chargoggagogg-manchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg to the teacher. First, students should practice quietly with one other. This long word gets the student's attention immediately. We know the curiosity of the junior high student. Now, ask how many students have some Indian ancestry. Usually, about half of the class will raise their hand. Next, introduce the unit of study, especially mentioning the multicultural celebration (dinner) to be held at the end of the unit.

Give a piece of candy to everyone who eventually is able to pronounce the word Chargoggagoggmanchaugagogg-chaubunagungamaugg correctly.

Writing Activity: After reading "The Indian All Around Us," students will answer the following questions in complete sentences. They are to answers questions one through six on page 461 in *Prentice Hall Literature, Silver* (DeVoto, 1953). The questions will test students recall of the selection, as well as interpretation and application. Also, the students will write one page about the contributions that a particular culture has made in their lives. Students are to prepare to share their writing with their classmates.

The Literature: "The Indian All Around Us," Bernard DeVoto

The Europeans who developed into the Americans took over from the Indians many things besides their continent. Look at a few: tobacco, corn, potatoes, beans (kidney, string and lima and therefore succotash), tomatoes, sweet potatoes, squash, popcorn and peanuts, chocolate, pineapples, hominy, Jerusalem artichokes, maple sugar. Moccasins, snowshoes, toboggans, hammocks, ipecac, quinine, the crew haircut, goggles to prevent snow blindness--these are all Indian in origin. So is the versatile boat that helped the white man occupy the continent, the birch-bark canoe, and the custom canoeists have of painting designs on its bow.

A list of familiar but less important plants, foods and implements would run to several hundred items. Another long list would be needed to enumerate less tangible Indian contributions to our culture, such as arts, crafts, designs, ideas, beliefs, superstitions and even profanity. But there is something far more familiar, something that is always at hand and is used daily by every American and Canadian without awareness that it is Indian: a large vocabulary.

Glance back over the first paragraph. "Potato" is an Indian word, so is "tobacco," and if "corn" is not, the word "maize" is and we used it for a long time, as the English do still. Some Indians chewed tobacco some used snuff, nearly all smoked pipes or cigars or cigarettes, and the white man gladly adopted all forms of the habit. But he spoke of "drinking" tobacco, instead of smoking it, for a long time. Squash, hominy, ipecac, quinine, hammock, chocolate, canoe are all common nouns that have come into the English--or rather the American--language from Indian languages. Sometimes, the word has changed on the way, perhaps only a little as with "potato," which was something like "batata" in the original, or sometimes a great deal, as with "cocoa," which began as, approximately, "cacahuatl."

Sometimes, too, we have changed the meaning. "Succotash" is a rendering of a Narraganset word that meant an ear of corn. The dish that the Indians ate was exactly what we call succotash today, though an Indian woman was likely to vary it as much as we do stew, by tossing in any leftovers she happened to have on hand. Similarly with "quinine." This is a modern word, made up by the scientists

who first isolated the alkaloid substance from cinchona bark, but they derived it from the botanical name of the genus, which in turn was derived from the Indian name for it, "quinquina." The Indians, of course, used a decoction made from the bark.

Put on your moccasins and take a walk in the country. If it is a cold day and you wear a mackinaw, your jacket will be as Indian as your footwear, though "mackinaw" originally meant a heavy blanket of fine quality and, usually, bright colors. On your walk you may smell a skunk, see a raccoon or possum, hear the call of a moose. Depending on what part of the country you are in, you may see a chipmunk, muskrat woodchuck or coyote. The names of all these animals are Indian words. (A moose is "he who eats off," that is, who browses on leaves. A raccoon is "he who scratches with his hands.") You may see hickory trees catalpas, pecans or mesquite, and these too are Indian words. At the right season and place you may eat persimmons or paw paws or scuppernongs. All the breads and most of the puddings we make from corn meal originated with the Indians

but we haven't kept many of the original names except "pone."

On a Cape Cod beach you may see clammers digging quahogs, or as a Cape Codde would say, "coehoggin'." The Pilgrims learned the name and the method of getting at them from the Indians: they even learned the technique of steaming them with sea weed that we practice at clambakes. The muskellunge and the terrapin were named for us by Indians. Your children may build a wigwam to play in--it was a brush hut or lodge covered with bark--or they may ask you to buy them a teepee, which was originally made of buffalo hide but can be canvas now. They may chase one another with tomahawks. And we all go to barbecues.

The people earliest in contact with the Indians found all these words useful, but some Indian sounds they found hard to pronounce, such as the *tl* at the end of many words in Mexico and the Southwest. That is why "coyotl" became "coyote" and "tomatl" our tomato. Or accidental resemblances to English words might deceive them, as with "muskrat." The animal does look like a rat and has musk

glands, but the Indian word was "musquash," which means "it is red."

Some words were simply too long. "Succotash" began as "musickwautash," "hominy" as "rockahominy," and "mackinaw" as "michilimackinac." (The last, of course, was the name given to the strait, the fort, the island, and ended as the name of a blanket and a jacket because the fort was a trading post.) At that, these are comparatively short: remember the lake in Massachusetts whose name is *Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg.*

Twenty-six of our states have Indian names, as have scores of cities, towns, lakes, rivers and mountains. In Maine are Kennebec, Penobscot, Androscoggin, Piscataqua, Wiscasset and many others, from Arowsic to Sytopilock by way of Mattawamkeag. California, noted for its Spanish names, still is well supplied with such native ones as Yosemite, Mojave, Sequoia, Truckee, Tahoe, Siskiyou. Washington has Yakima, Walla Walla, Spokane, Snoqualmie, Wenatchee; and Florida has (Okeechobee, Seminole, Manitee, Ocal and as many more as would fill a page. So with all the other states.

Consider such rivers as the Arkansas, Ohio, Mohawk, Wisconsin, Rappahannock, Minnesota, Merrimack, Mississippi, Missouri and Suwannee. Or such lakes as Ontario, Cayuga, Winnipesaukee, Memphremagog, Winnebago. Or such mountain ranges and peaks as Allegheny, Wichita, Wasatch, Shasta, Katahdin. Or cities: Milwaukee, Chattanooga, Sandusky.

The meaning of such names is not always clear. Tourist bureaus like to make up translations like bower-of-the-laughing-princess or land-of-the-sky-blue-water, but Indians were as practical-minded as anyone else and usually used a word that would identify the place. Our unpoetic pioneers christened dozens of streams Mud Creek or Muddy River--and that is about what Missouri means. The Sauk or Kickapoo word that gave Chicago its name had something to do with a strong smell. There may be some truth in the contention of rival cities that it meant "place of the skunks," but more likely it meant "place where wild onions grow." Kentucky does not mean "dark and bloody ground" as our sentimental legend says, but merely "place of meadows," which shows that the blue grass impressed Indians, too. Niagara means "point of land that is cut in two." Potomac means "something

brought." Since the thing brought was probably tribute, perhaps in wampum, we would not be far off if we were to render it "place where we pay taxes."

Quite apart from their meaning, such words as Kentucky, Niagara and Potomac are beautiful just as sounds. Though we usually take it for granted, the beauty of our Indian place names impresses foreign visitors. But since some Indian languages abounded with harsh sounds or gutturals, this beauty is unevenly distributed. In New England such names as Ogunqult, Megantic and Naugatuck are commoner than such more pleasing ones as Housatonic, Narragansett and Merrimack. The Pacific Northwest is overbalanced with harsh sounds like Nootka, Klamath, Klickitat and Clackamas, though it has its share of more agreeable ones--Tillamook, for instance, and Umatilla, Willamette, Multnomah. (Be sure to pronounce Willamette right: accent the second syllable.)

Open vowels were abundant in the languages spoken in the southeastern states, so that portion of the map is thickly sown with delightful names. Alabama, Pensacola, Tuscaloosa, Savannah, Okefenokee, Chattahoochee, Sarasota, Ocala, Roanoke--the are charming words, pleasant to speak,

pleasanter to hear. One could sing a child sleep with a poem composed of just such names. In New York, if Skaneateles twist the tongue, Seneca glides smoothly from it and so do Tonawanda, Tuscarora, Oneonta, Sratoga, Genessee, Lackawanna, even Chautauqua and Canajoharie.

What is the most beautiful Indian place name? A surprising number of English writers have argued that question in travel books. No one's choice can be binding on anyone else. But there is a way of making a kind of answer: you can count the recorded votes. In what is written about the subject certain names appear repeatedly. Niagara and Tuscarora and Otsego are on nearly a the lists. So are Savannah and Potomac, Catawba, Wichita and Shenandoah.

But the five that are most often mentioned are all in Pennsylvania. That state has its Allegheny and Lackawanna, and many other musical names like Aliquippa, Towanda, Punxsutawney. But five others run away from them all. Wyoming (which moved a long way west and named a state) and Conestoga and Monongahela seem to be less universally delightful than the two finalists, Juniata and Susquehanna. For 150 years, most of those who have written on the subject

have ended with these two. and in the outcome Juniata usually takes second place. According to the write-in vote, then, the most beautiful place name in the Unite States is Susquehanna. It may be ungracious to remember that it first came into the language as "Saquesahannock."

[The translation of Indian word, *Chargoggagogg-manchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg*, is "you fish on your side of the lake, we'll fish our side, and nobody fishes in the middle."]

Lesson Two: *Geronimo*

Teaching Strategy:

"Geronimo: His Own Story," may be read to the students by the teacher, a parent (of Native American background) or a student who is a good reader. This autobiographical account is the lead into a two week study of autobiographical writing and literature. The one reading the essay may want to dress in authentic costume. Autobiographical essays, stories, books and pictures of authors should be displayed around the room.

Objectives:

1. Students will develop listening skills.
2. Students will prepare for a two week study of autobiographical literature and writing.
3. Students will learn and write about Geronimo as a young man.
4. Students will write about their favorite childhood activities.

Assignment:

Students will write ten facts they learned about Geronimo in complete sentence form. Students will share the information they learned about Geronimo in their groups.

Writing Activities:

1. Students will write a paragraph describing the games and activities Geronimo enjoyed as a young boy. Next, students will write a second paragraph describing some of their favorite childhood activities.
2. Students will write a paragraph telling how Apache boys participated in their society. Students will write a second paragraph comparing their place in society to the Apache boys.

The Literature: "Geronimo: His Own Story"

I was born in No-doyohn Canon, Arizona, June, 1829. In that country which lies around the headwaters of the Gila River I was reared. This range was our fatherland. Among these mountains our wigwams were hidden. The scattered valleys contained our fields. The boundless prairies, stretching away on every side, were our pastures. The rocky caverns were our burying places.

I was fourth in a family of eight children-- four boys and four girls. Of that family, only myself; my brother, Porico (White Horse); and my sister, Nah-da-ste, are yet alive. We are held as prisoners of war in this Military Reservation (Fort Sill).

As a babe, I rolled on the dirt floor of my father's teepee, hung in my *tsoch (Apache* name for cradle) at my mother's back, or suspended from the bough of a tree. I was warmed by the sun, rocked by the winds, and sheltered by the trees as other Indian babes.

When I was a child, my mother taught me the legends of our people; taught me of the sun and sky, the moon and stars, the clouds and storms. She also taught me to kneel

and pray to Usen the spirit father, for strength health, wisdom, and protection. We never prayed against any person; but if we had aught against any individual, we ourselves took vengeance. We were taught that Usen does not care for the petty quarrels of men.

My father had often told me of the brave deeds of our warriors, of the pleasures of the chase, and the glories of the warpath.

With my brothers and sisters, I played about my father's home. Sometimes we played hide-and-seek among the rocks an pines; sometimes we loitered in the shade of the cottonwood trees or sought the *shudock* (a kind of wild cherry) while our parents worked in the field. Sometimes we played that we were warriors. We would practice stealing upon some object that represented an enemy, and in our childish imitation often performed the feats of war. Sometimes we would hide away from our mother to see if she could find us, and often when thus concealed go to sleep and perhaps remain hidden for many hours.

When we were old enough to be of real service, we went to the field with our parents, not to play, but to toil.

When the crops were to be planted, we broke the ground with wooden hoes. We planted the corn in straight rows, the beans among the corn, and the melons and pumpkins in irregular order over the field. We cultivated these crops as there was need.

Our field usually contained about two acres of ground. The fields were never fenced. It was common for many families to cultivate land in the same valley and share the burden of protecting the growing crops from destruction by the ponies of the tribe, or by deer and other wild animals.

Melons were gathered as they were consumed. In the autumn, pumpkins and beans were gathered and placed in bags or baskets; ears of corn were tied together by the husks, and then the harvest was carried on the backs of ponies up to our homes. Here the corn was shelled, and all the harvest stored away in caves or other secluded places to be used in winter.

We never fed corn to our ponies; but if we kept them up in the winter time, we gave them fodder to eat. We had no cattle or other domestic animals except our dogs and ponies.

We did not cultivate tobacco, but found it growing wild. This we cut and cured in autumn; but if the supply ran out, the leaves from the stalks left standing served our purpose. All Indians smoked--men and women. No boy was allowed to smoke until he had hunted alone and killed large game--wolves and bears. Unmarried women were not prohibited from smoking, but were considered immodest if they did so. Nearly all matrons smoked.

Besides grinding the corn (by hand with stone mortars and pestles) for bread, we sometimes crushed it and soaked it; and after it had fermented made from this juice a *tis-win*, which had the power of intoxication, and was very highly prized by the Indians. This work was done by the squaws and children. When berries or nuts were to be gathered, the small children and the squaws would go in parties to hunt them, and sometimes stay all day. When they went any great distance from camp, they took ponies to carry the baskets.

I frequently went with these parties, and upon one of these excursions a woman named Cho-ko-le got lost from the party and was riding her pony through a thicket in search of

her friends. Her little dog was following as she slowly made her way through the thick underbrush and pine trees. All at once a grizzly bear rose in her path and attacked the pony. She jumped off and her pony escaped, but the bear attacked her; so she fought him the best she could with her knife. Her little dog, by snapping at the bear's heels and distracting his attention from the woman, enabled her for some time to keep pretty well out of his reach. Finally, the grizzly struck her over the head, tearing off almost her whole scalp. She fell, but did not lose consciousness, and while prostrate struck him four good licks with her knife; and he retreated. After he had gone, she replaced her torn scalp and bound it up as best she could. Then she turned deathly sick and had to lie down. That night her pony came into camp with his load of nuts and berries, but no rider. The Indians hunted for her, but did not find her until the second day. They carried her home, and under the treatment of their medicine man all her wounds were healed.

The Indians knew what herbs to use for medicine, how to prepare them, and how to give the medicine. This they had been taught by Usen in the beginning, and each succeeding

generation had people who were skilled in the art of healing.

In gathering the herbs, in preparing them, and in administering the medicine, as much faith was held in prayer as in the actual effect of the medicine. Usually about eight persons worked together in making medicine, and there were forms of prayer and incantations to attend each stage of the process. Four attended to the incantations, and four to the preparation of the herbs.

Some of the Indians were skilled in cutting out bullets, arrow heads, and other missiles with which warriors were wounded. I myself have done much of this, using a common dirk or butcher knife.

Small children wore very little clothing in winter and none in summer. Women usually wore a primitive skirt, which consisted of a piece of cotton cloth fastened about the waist, and extending to the knees. Men wore breech cloths and moccasins. In winter they had shirts and leggings in addition.

Frequently when the tribe was in camp, a number of boys and girls, by agreement, would steal away and meet at a

place several miles distant, where they could play all day free from tasks. They were never punished for these frolics; but if their hiding places were discovered, they were ridiculed. To celebrate each noted event, a feast and dance would be given. Perhaps only our own people, perhaps neighboring tribes would be invited. These festivities usually lasted for about four days. By day we feasted; by night, under the direction of some chief, we danced. The music for our dance was singing led by the warriors, and accompanied by beating the *esadadedne* (buckskin-on-a hoop). No words were sung--only the tones. When the feasting and dancing were over, we would have horse races, foot races, wrestling, jumping, and all sorts of games.

Among these games, the most noted was the tribal game of *Kah* (foot). It is played as follows: Four moccasins are placed about four feet apart in holes in the ground dug in a row on one side of the camp, and on the opposite side a similar parallel row. At night a camp fire is started between these two rows of moccasins; and the players are arranged on sides, one or any number on each side. The score is kept by a bundle of sticks, from which each side

takes a stick for every point won. First one side takes the bone, puts up blankets between the four moccasins and the fire so that the opposing team cannot observe their movements, and then begin to sing the legends of creation. The side having the bone represents the feathered tribe; the opposite side represents the beasts. The players representing the birds do all the singing, and while singing, hide the bone in one of the moccasins. Then the blankets are thrown down. They continue to sing; but as soon as the blankets are thrown down, the chosen player from the opposing team, armed with a war club, comes to their side of the camp fire and with his club strikes the moccasin in which he thinks the bone is hidden. If he strikes the right moccasin, his side gets the bone, and in turn represents the birds, while the opposing team must keep quiet and guess in turn. There are only four plays; three that lose and one that wins. When all the sticks are gone from the bundle, the side having the largest number of sticks is counted winner.

This game is seldom played except as a gambling game, but for that purpose it is the most popular game known to

the tribe. Usually the game lasts four or five hours. It is never played in daytime.

After the games are all finished, the visitors say, "We are satisfied," and the camp is broken up. I was always glad when the dances and feasts were announced. So were all the other young people.

Our life also had a religious side. We had no churches, no religious organizations, no Sabbath day, no holidays, and yet we worshipped. Sometimes the whole tribe would assemble to sing and pray; sometimes a smaller number, perhaps only two or three. The songs had a few words, but were not formal. The singer would occasionally put in such words as he wished instead of the usual tone sound. Sometimes we prayed in silence; sometimes each one prayed aloud; sometimes an aged person prayed for all of us. At other times, one would rise and speak to us of our duties to each other and to Usen. Our services were short.

When disease or pestilence abounded, we were assembled and questioned by our leaders to ascertain what evil we had done, and how Usen could be satisfied. Sometimes sacrifice

was deemed necessary. Sometimes the offending one was punished.

If an Apache had allowed his aging parents to suffer for food or shelter, if he had neglected or abused the sick, if he had profaned our religion, or had been unfaithful, he might be banished from the tribe.

The Apaches had no prisons as white men have. Instead of sending the criminals into prison, they sent them out of their tribe. These faithless, cruel, lazy, or cowardly members of the tribe were excluded in such a manner that they could not join any other tribe. Neither could they have any protection from our unwritten tribal laws. Frequently these outlaw Indians banded together and committed depredations which were charged against the regular tribe. However, the life of an outlaw Indian was a hard lot, and their bands never became very large. Besides, these bands frequently provoked the wrath of the tribe and secured their own destruction.

When I was about eight or ten years old, I began to follow the chase; and to me this was never work.

Out on the prairies, which ran up to our mountain homes, wandered herds of deer, antelope, elk, and buffalo, to be slaughtered when we needed them.

Usually we hunted buffalo on horseback, killing them with arrows and spears. Their skins were used to make teepees and bedding; their flesh, to eat.

It required more skill to hunt the deer than any other animal. We never tried to approach a deer except against the wind. Frequently we would spend hours in stealing upon grazing deer. If they were in the open, we would crawl long distances on the ground, keeping a weed or brush before us, so that our approach would not be noticed. Often we could kill several out of one herd before the others would run away. Their flesh was dried and packed in vessels, and would keep in this condition for many months. The hide of the deer was soaked in water and ashes and the hair removed, and then the process of tanning continued until the buckskin was soft and pliable. Perhaps no other animal was more valuable to us than the deer.

In the forests and along the streams were many wild turkeys. These we would drive to the plains, then slowly

ride up toward them until they were almost tired out. When they began to drop and hide, we would ride in upon them and by swinging from the sides of our horses, catch them. If one started to fly, we would ride swiftly under him and kill him with a short stick, or hunting club. In this way we could usually get as many wild turkeys as we could carry home on a horse.

There were many rabbits in our range, and we also hunted them on horseback. Our horses were trained to follow the rabbit at full speed, and as they approached them, we would swing from one side of the horse and strike the rabbit with our hunting club. If he was too far away, we would throw the stick and kill him. This was great sport when we were boys, but as warriors we seldom hunted small game.

There were many fish in the streams, but as we did not eat them, we did not try to catch or kill them. Small boys sometimes threw stones at them or shot at them for practice with their bows and arrows. Usen did not intend snakes, frogs, or fishes to be eaten. I have never eaten of them.

There are many eagles in the mountains. These we hunted for their feathers. It required great skill to steal

upon an eagle; for besides having sharp eyes, he is wise an never stops at any place where he does not have a good view of the surrounding country.

I have killed many bears with a spear, but was never injured in a fight with one. I have killed several mountain lions with arrows and one with a spear. Both bears and mountain lions are good for food and valuable for their skin. When we killed them, we carried them home on our horses. We often made quivers for our arrows from the skin of the mountain lion. These were very pretty and very durable.

During my minority, we had never seen a missionary or a priest. We had never seen a white man. Thus quietly lived the Be-don ko-he Apaches.

Lesson Three: "The Medicine Bag"

Introduction:

This section begins a two week unit of work on autobiographical literature and writing. Writing about personal experiences is called autobiographical writing.

DEFINITION

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL = Auto=self

Bio=life

Graph=writing = SELF LIFE WRITING

Reading Selection:

"The Medicine Bag" by Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve

Objectives:

1. The students will read the story, "The Medicine Bag."
2. The students will write about an embarrassing experience.
3. The students will write about a family member of whom they are proud.
4. The students will learn about Martin's Indian heritage.

5. The students will research one Indian culture and share the information in their groups.

Teaching Strategy:

The students will read a story to help prepare them for writing their autobiographical essay. The story, "The Medicine Bag," is not a true autobiography. However, it is written as if it were. Martin, the main character, describes an incident related to his grandfather and reveals his feelings through the entire account. This story is an excellent example of character portrayal. The feelings revealed are touching. The students see the power of emotion expressed in words. This story was chosen because it is a good lead into the Reader Writer Workshop because it encourages students to reveal their own feelings. To encourage interest in the story, make a leather medicine bag and wear it around your neck. Also, burn sacred sage incense.

After completing the reading of "The Medicine Bag," students are to write about a time in their lives when they were proud of a family member. Students are to keep all of their writing and notes for future reference.

Writing Activities:

1. Students are to answer the following questions in complete sentences.
   a. How did Martin feel about grandpa at the beginning of the story? Why?
   b. Did Martin show his feelings or keep them to himself?
   c. Did Martin's feelings change at the end of the story? How?
2. Students are to write one page describing how Martin, although living in a modern city, manages to maintain his Sioux heritage. Explain how Martin comes to stand alone on the lonely prarie with his medicine bag.

WRITING ABOUT OURSELVES - GUIDED RECOLLECTION (10 minutes)

Please list on your paper some experiences that you have had that in some way are memorable. The students are to share their suggestions with the class. They may list some of the following:

Scary experience	Graduation	Sporting event
Embarrassment	Vacation	Recital
First date	Lost	Mountain trip
Beach trip		

Write a check ( ) by the incident you would like to describe in more detail. Write a quickwrite. Students are to keep papers for future reference.

EXPLANATION OF A QUICKWRITE

Write very quickly on the topic you have chosen. Write the first thing that comes to your mind. Do not stop. Write down everything you think of, and do not worry about punctuation or spelling. Write as many ideas as possible.

The Literature: "The Medicine Bag," by Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve

My kid sister Cheryl and I always bragged about our Sioux grandpa, Joe Iron Shell. Our friends, who had always lived in the city and only knew about Indians from movies and TV, were impressed by our stories. Maybe we exaggerated and made Grandpa and the reservation sound glamorous, but when we'd return home to Iowa after our yearly summer visit to Grandpa, we always had some exciting tale to tell.

We always had some authentic Sioux article to show our listeners. One year Cheryl had new moccasins that Grandpa had made. On another visit he gave me a small, round, flat, rawhide drum that was decorated with a painting of a warrior riding a horse. He taught me a real Sioux chant to sing while I beat the drum with a leather-covered stick that had a feather on the-end. Man, that really made an impression.

We never showed our friends Grandpa's picture. Not that we were ashamed of him, but because we knew that the glamorous tales we told didn't go with the real thing. Our friends would have laughed at the picture because Grandpa wasn't tall and stately like TV Indians. His hair wasn't in

braids but hung in stringy, gray strands on his neck, and he was old. He was our great-grandfather and he didn't live in a teepee, but all by himself in a part log, part tar-paper shack on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota. So when Grandpa came to visit us, I was so ashamed and embarrassed I could've died.

There are a lot of yippy poodles and other fancy little dogs in our neighborhood, but they usually barked singly at the mailman from the safety of their own yards. Now it sounded as if a whole pack of mutts were barking together in one place.

I got up and walked to the curb to see what the commotion was. About a block away I saw a crowd of little kids yelling, with the dogs yipping and growling around someone who was walking down the middle of the street. I watched the group as it slowly came closer and saw that in the center of the strange procession was a man wearing a tall black hat. He'd pause now and then to peer at something in his hand and then at the houses on either side of the street. I felt cold and hot at the same time as I recognized the man. "Oh, no!" I whispered. "It's Grandpa!"

I stood on the curb, unable to move even though I wanted to run and hide. Then I got mad when I saw how the yippy dogs were growling and nipping at the old man's baggy pant legs and how wearily he poked them away with his cane. "Stupid mutts," I said as I ran to rescue Grandpa.

When I kicked and hollered at the dogs to get away, they put their tails between their legs and scattered. The kids ran to the curb where they watched me and the old man.

"Grandpa," I said and felt pretty dumb when my voice cracked. I reached for his beat-up old tin suitcase, which was tied shut with a rope. But he set it down right in the street and shook my hand.

"Hau, Takoza, Grandchild," he greeted me formally in Sioux.

All I could do was stand there with the whole neighborhood watching and shake the hand of the leather-brown old man. I saw how his gray hair straggled from under his big black hat, which had a drooping feather in its crown. His rumpled black suit hung like a sack over his stooped frame. As he shook my hand, his coat fell open to expose a bright red satin shirt with a beaded bolo tie

under the collar. His get-up wasn't out of place on the reservation, but it sure was here, and I wanted to sink right through the pavement.

"Hi," I muttered with my head down. I tried to pull my hand away when I felt his bony hand trembling, and looked up to see fatigue in his face. I felt like crying. I couldn't think of anything to say so I picked up Grandpa's suitcase, took his arm, and guided him up the driveway to our house.

Mom was standing on the steps. I don't know how long she'd been watching, but her hand was over her mouth and she looked as if she couldn't believe what she saw. Then she ran to us.

"Grandpa," she gasped. "How in the world did you get here?"

She checked her move to embrace Grandpa and I remembered that such a display of affection is unseemly to the Sioux and would embarrass him.

"Hau, Marie," he said as he shook Mom's hand. She smiled and took his other arm.

As we supported him up the steps, the door banged open and Cheryl came bursting out of the house. She was all

smiles and was so obviously glad to see Grandpa that I was ashamed of how I felt.

"Grandpa!" she yelled happily. "You came to see us!"

Grandpa smiled, and Mom and I let go of him as he stretched out his arms to my ten-year-old sister, who was still young enough to be hugged.

"Wicincala, little girl," he greeted her and then collapsed.

He had fainted. Mom and I carried him into her sewing room, where we had a spare bed.

After we had Grandpa on the bed, Mom stood there helplessly patting his shoulder.

"Shouldn't we call the doctor, Mom?" I suggested, since she didn't seem to know what to do.

"Yes," she agreed with a sigh. "You make Grandpa comfortable, Martin."

I reluctantly moved to the bed. I knew Grandpa wouldn't want to have Mom undress him, but I didn't want to, either. He was so skinny and frail that his coat slipped off easily. When I loosened his tie and opened his shirt collar, I felt a small leather pouch that hung from a thong

around his neck. I left it alone and moved to remove his boots. The scuffed old cowboy boots were tight, and he moaned as I put pressure on his legs to jerk them off.

I put the boots on the floor and saw why they fit so tight. Each one was stuffed with money. I looked at the bills that lined the boots and started to ask about them, but Grandpa's eyes were closed again.

Mom came back with a basin of water. "The doctor thinks Grandpa is suffering from heat exhaustion," she explained as she bathed Grandpa's face. Mom gave a big sigh, "*Oh, hinh* Martin. How do you suppose he got here?"

We found out after the doctor's visit. Grandpa was angrily sitting up in bed while Mom tried to feed him some soup.

"Tonight you let Marie feed you, Grandpa," spoke my dad, who had gotten home from work just as the doctor was leaving. "You're not really sick," he said as he gently pushed Grandpa back against the pillows. "The doctor said you just got too tired and hot after your long trip."

Grandpa relaxed, and between sips of soup, he told us of his journey. Soon after our visit to him, Grandpa

decided that he would like to see where his only living descendants lived and what our home was like. Besides, he admitted sheepishly, he was lonesome after we left.

I knew that everybody felt as guilty as I did--especially Mom. Mom was all Grandpa had left. So even after she married my dad, who's a white man and teaches in the college in our city, and after Cheryl and I were born, Mom made sure that every summer we spent a week with Grandpa.

I never thought that Grandpa would be lonely after our visits, and none of us noticed how old and weak he had become. But Grandpa knew, and so he came to us. He had ridden on buses for two and a half days. When he arrived in the city, tired and stiff from sitting for so long, he set out, walking, to find us.

He had stopped to rest on the steps of some building downtown, and a policeman found him. The cop, according to Grandpa, was a good man who took him to the bus stop and waited until the bus came and told the driver to let Grandpa out at Bell View Drive. After Grandpa got off the bus, he started walking again. But he couldn't see the house

numbers on the other side when he walked on the sidewalk, so he walked in the middle of the street. That's when all the little kids and dogs followed him.

I knew everybody felt as bad as I did. Yet I was so proud of this eighty-six-year-old man, who had never been away from the reservation, having the courage to travel so far alone.

"You found the money in my boots?" he asked Mom.

"Martin did," she answered, and roused herself to scold. "Grandpa, you shouldn't have carried so much money. What if someone had stolen it from you?"

Grandpa laughed. "I would've known if anyone tried to take the boots off my feet. The money is what I've saved for a long time--a hundred dollars--for my funeral. But you take it now to buy groceries so that I won't be a burden to you while I am here."

"That won't be necessary, Grandpa," Dad said. "We are honored to have you with us and you will never be a burden. I am only sorry that we never thought to bring you home with us this summer and spare you the discomfort of a long trip."

Grandpa was pleased. "Thank you," he answered. "But do not feel bad that you didn't bring me with you, for I would not have come then. It was not time. He said this in such a way that no one could argue with him. To Grandpa and the Sioux, he once told me, a thing would be done when it was the right time to do it, and that's the way it was.

"Also," Grandpa went on, looking at me, "I have come because it is soon time for Martin to have the medicine bag."

We all knew what that meant. Grandpa thought he was going to die, and he had to follow the tradition of his family to pass the medicine bag, along with its history, to the oldest male child.

"Even though the boy," he said still looking at me, "bears a white man's name, the medicine bag will be his."

I didn't know what to say. I had the same hot and cold feeling that I had when I first saw Grandpa in the street. The medicine bag was the dirty leather pouch I had found around his neck. "I could never wear such a thing," I almost said aloud. I thought of having my friends see it in gym class or at the swimming pool and could imagine the

smart things they would say. But I just swallowed hard and took a step toward the bed. I knew I would have to take it.

But Grandpa was tired. "Not now, Martin," he said, waving his hand in dismissal. "it is not time. Now I will sleep."

So that's how Grandpa came to be with us for two months. My friends kept asking to come see the old man, but I put them off. I told myself that I didn't want them laughing at Grandpa. But even as I made excuses, I knew it wasn't Grandpa that I was afraid they'd laugh at.

Nothing bothered Cheryl about bringing her friends to see Grandpa. Every day after school started, there'd be a crew of giggling little girls or round-eyed little boys crowded around the old man on the patio, where he'd gotten in the habit of sitting every afternoon.

Grandpa would smile in his gentle way and patiently answer their questions, or he'd tell them stories of brave warriors, ghosts, animals; and the kids listened in awed silence. Those little guys thought Grandpa was great.

Finally, one day after school, my friends came home with me because nothing I said stopped them. "We're going

to see the great Indian of Bell View Drive," said Hank, who was supposed to be my best friend. "My brother has seen him three times so he oughta be well enough to see us."

When we got to my house, Grandpa was sitting on the patio. He had on his red shirt, but today he also wore a fringed leather vest that was decorated with beads. Instead of his usual cowboy boots, he had solidly beaded moccasins on his feet that stuck out of his black trousers. Of course, he had his old black hat on--he was seldom without it. But it had been brushed, and the feather in the beaded headband was proudly erect, its tip a brighter white. His hair lay in silver strands over the red shirt collar.

I stared just as my friends did, and I heard one of them murmur, "Wow!"

Grandpa looked up, and, when his eyes met mine, they twinkled as if he were laughing inside. He nodded to me, and my face got all hot. I could tell that he had known all along I was afraid he'd embarrass me in front of my friends. *"Hau, hoksilas,* boys," he greeted and held out his hand.

My buddies passed in a single file and shook his hand as I introduced them. They were so polite I almost laughed. "How, there, Grandpa," and even a "How-do-you-do, sir."

"You look fine, Grandpa," I said as the guys sat on the lawn chairs or on the patio floor.

"Hanh, yes," he agreed. "When I woke up this morning, it seemed the right time to dress in the good clothes. I knew that my grandson would be bringing his friends."

"You guys want some lemonade or something?" I offered. No one answered. They were listening to Grandpa as he started telling how he'd killed the deer from which his vest was made.

Grandpa did most of the talking while my friends were there. I was so proud of him and amazed at how respectfully quiet my buddies were. Mom had to chase them home at supper time. As they left, they shook Grandpa's hand again and said to me, "Martin, he's really great!" "Yeah, man! Don't blame you for keeping him to yourself."

"Can we come back?"

But after they left, Mom said, "No more visitors for a while, Martin. Grandpa won't admit it, but his strength

hasn't returned. He likes having company, but it tires him."

That evening Grandpa called me to his room before he went to sleep. "Tomorrow," he said, "when you come home, it will be time to give you the medicine bag."

I felt a hard squeeze from where my heart is supposed to be and was scared, but I answered, "OK, Grandpa."

All night I had weird dreams about thunder and lightning on a high hill. From a distance I heard the slow beat of a drum. When I woke up in the morning, I felt as if I hadn't slept at all. At school it seemed as if the day would never end and, when it finally did, I ran home.

Grandpa was in his room, sitting on the bed. The shades were down, and the place was dim and cool. I sat on the floor in front of Grandpa, but he didn't even look at me. After what seemed a long time he spoke.

"I sent your mother and sister away. What you will hear today is only for a man's ears. What you will receive is only for a man's hands." He fell silent, and I felt shivers down my back.

"My father in his early manhood," Grandpa began, "made a vision quest to find a spirit guide for his life. You cannot understand how it was in that time, when the great Teton Sioux were first made to stay on the reservation. There was a strong need for guidance from *Wakantanka,* the Great Spirit. But too many of the young men were filled with despair and hatred. They thought it was hopeless to search for a vision when the glorious life was gone and only the hated confines of a reservation lay ahead. But my father held to the old ways.

"He carefully prepared for his quest with a purifying sweat bath, and then he went alone to a high butte top to fast and pray. After three days he received his sacred dream--in which he found, after long searching, the white man's iron. He did not understand his vision of finding something belonging to the white people, for in that time they were the enemy. When he came down from the butte to cleanse himself at the stream below, he found the remains of a campfire and the broken shell of an iron kettle. This was a sign that reinforced his dream. He took a piece of the

iron for his medicine bag, which he had made of elk skin years before, to prepare for his quest.

"He returned to his village, where he told his dream to the wise old men of the tribe. They gave him the name Iron *Shell,* but neither did they understand the meaning of the dream. The first Iron Shell kept the piece of iron with him at all times and believed it gave him protection from the evils of those unhappy days.

"Then a terrible thing happened to Iron Shell. He and several other young men weren't taken from their homes by the soldiers and sent away to a white man's boarding school. He was angry and lonesome for his parents and the young girl he had wed before he was taken away. At first Iron Shell resisted the teacher's attempts to change him, and he did not try to learn. One day it was his turn to work in the school's blacksmith shop. As he walked into the place, he knew that his medicine had brought him there to and work with the white man's iron.

"Iron Shell became a blacksmith and worked at the trade when he returned to the reservation. All of his life he treasured the medicine bag. When he was old, and I was

man, he gave it to me, for no one made the vision quest any more."

Grandpa quit talking, and I stared in disbelief he covered his face with his hands. shoulders were shaking with quiet sobs, and I looked away until he began to speak again.

"I kept the bag until my son, your mother's father, was a man and had to leave us to the war across the ocean. I gave him the bag for I believed it would protect him in battle, but he did not take it with him. He was afraid that he would lose it. He died in a faraway place."

Again Grandpa was still, and I felt his grief around me.

"My Son," he went on after clearing his throat, "had only a daughter and it is not proper for her to know of these things."

He unbuttoned his shirt, pulled out the leather pouch, and lifted it over his head. He held it in his hand, turning it over and over as if memorizing how it looked.

"In the bag," he said as he opened it and removed two objects, "is the broken shell of the iron kettle, a pebble

from the butte, and a piece of the sacred sage." He held the pouch upside down and dust drifted down.

"After the bag is yours you must put a piece of prairie sage within and never open it again until you pass it on to your son." He replaced the pebble and the piece of iron, and tied the bag.

I stood up, somehow knowing I should. Grandpa slowly rose from the bed and stood upright in front of me holding the bag before my face. I closed my eyes and waited for him to slip it over my head. But he spoke.

"No, you need not wear *it.*" He placed the soft leather bag in my right hand and closed my other hand over it. "It would not be right to wear it in this time and place where no one will understand. Put it safely away until you are again on the reservation. Wear it then, when you replace the sacred sage."

Grandpa turned and sat again on the bed. Wearily he leaned his head against the pillow. "Go," he said. "I will sleep now."

"Thank you, Grandpa," I said softly and left with the bag in my hands.

That night Mom and Dad took Grandpa to the hospital. Two weeks later I stood alone on the lonely prairie of the reservation and put the sacred sage in my medicine bag.

Lesson Four: Autobiographical Essay and Artistic Package

Objectives:

Students will write a rough draft of their autobiographical essay.

Teaching Strategy:

Autobiographical Incident Writing Task

The students are to tell about an incident that has happened to them in the past. They should think of themselves as real writers. They are to be descriptive and entertaining. They are to write about one specific incident. The length of the paper should be about two pages.

The students are to spread their previous work out on their desks and write during one class session. The room is to be absolutely quiet. No questions are accepted at this time. It disrupts others' train of thought. There has been plenty of time to discuss and ask questions during the previous lessons. The students may use their notes.

Class Notes: Features of a Successful Autobiographical Essay

A. Well-told Story

1. The writer usually uses the first person to tell the story.
2. Students usually tell the events of the story in the order in which they happened. Some may want to use flashback.
3. The beginning of the story captures the reader's interest. He wants to read on.
4. To sustain interest, the writer might deliberately create some tension.
5. The writer expands upon the proper moments and gives a close-up detailed account.
6. The narrative is coherent and complete. The writer uses transitions and moves smoothly to the completion of the story.
7. The ending fits.

B. Detailed Presentation of Important Scenes, People and Feelings

1. The writer shows details of people moving, talking and acting.
2. The writer includes details of his/her feelings throughout the account.

C. A clear Indication of the Incident's Significance

1. The writer includes his feelings at the time of the incident.
2. The writer tells how he feels after time has elapsed.
3. Now that he is more mature, does the writer feel differently about the situation?

Reader-Writer Workshop

1. Reread all of your prewriting papers on your topic.
2. Exchange papers with a partner. You read your partner's papers. Your partner is to read your papers. Use wavy lines to indicate work that is to be improved. Use straight lines to indicate excellent choices of words and phrases.

Time Line

The students will prepare a timeline depicting their life from 1981-1996. On the time line, they will record important events in their life. They will record dates, names, and places. Students may use picture illustrations or words on their time line.

Objectives:

1. The students will develop self-esteem by recording events in their lives for which they are proud.
2. The students will learn about themselves and others.
3. The students will depict their feelings, and values artistically.

Materials:

Pre-cut long strips of paper about twenty-six inches long by three inches wide. Pens, pencils, rulers.

Time: One class period

Self-Collage - Art

The students will create a collage picture of themselves, thereby, expressing their likes, dislikes, and hopes and dreams for the future. They will also create a collage for Martin, the main character in "The Medicine Bag."

Objectives:

1. To develop a positive self-image through the creation of a self-collage.
2. To demonstrate personality characteristics through art.
3. To identify appreciation for the uniqueness of others.
4. To review the character of Martin through the medium of art.

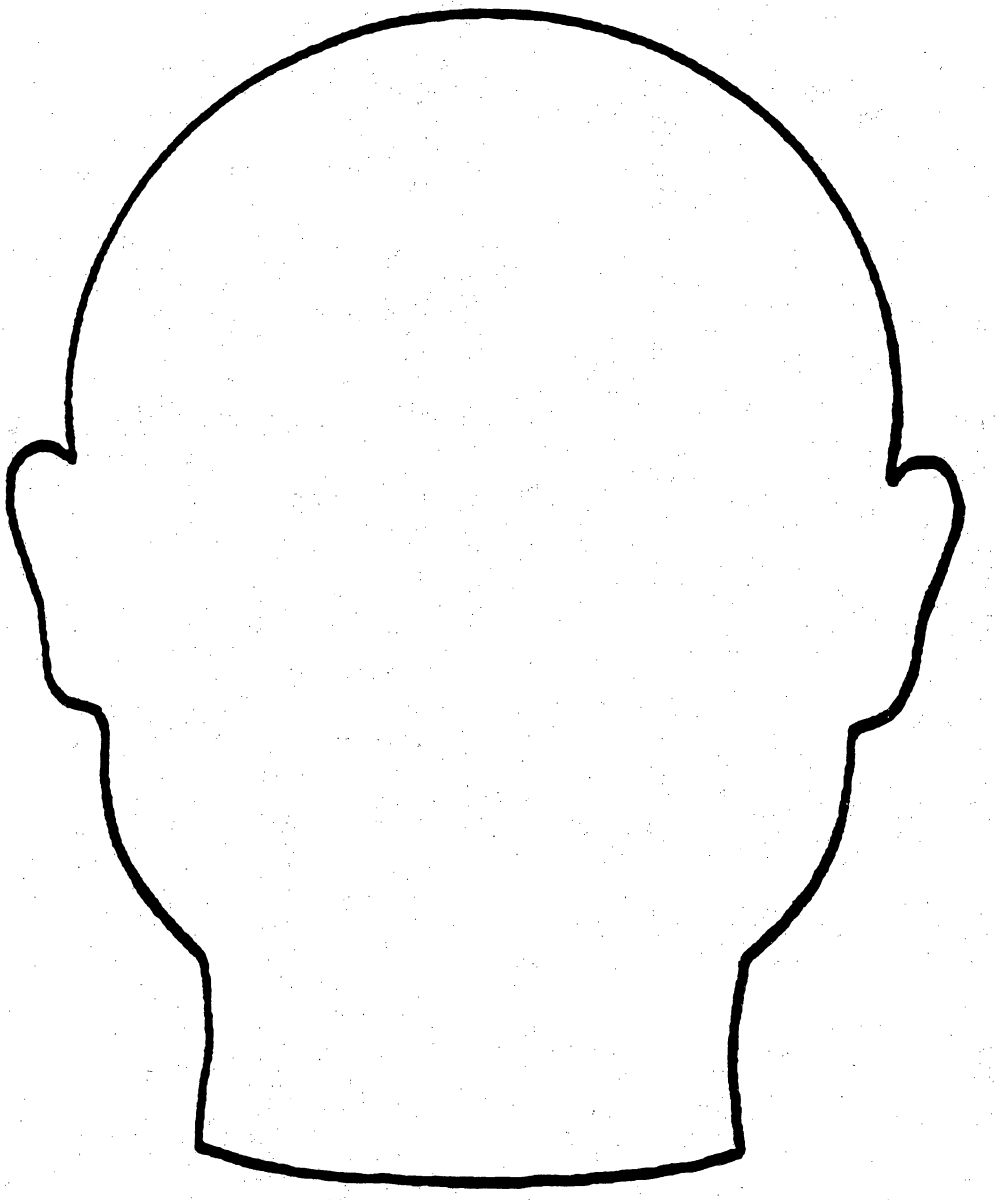
Materials:

Paper (8.5"x11"), pens, pencils, crayons, scissors, magazines, newspapers and a pattern of a face.

Procedure:

1. Have each student trace the face on their paper.

Open Mind



2. Next, students will fill in the outline of the face with pictures and artwork that represents them.

3. Have the students explain their collages in their three minute talk.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY PACKAGE IS DUE ON DAY TEN (not including art projects).

Order from top to bottom.

A. Final Draft

B. Rough Draft

C. Reader Writer Workshop

D. All Prewriting

THE FINAL COMPLETE PACKAGE IS DUE ON DAY FIFTEEN (including art projects).

Order from top to bottom.

A. Self-collage

B. Corrected final draft of autobiographical essay

C. Timeline

Lesson Five: Poetry and Family Tree

Objectives:

1. Students will trace their ancestral heritage
2. Students will artistically prepare a family tree visual
3. Students will learn of their cultural background and prepare a three minute speech.
4. Students will complete the people poem.

People Poem:

People poetry is an easy and fun way to create a poem about a person. Just follow this simple formula.

Line 1 - Tell who you are writing about.

Line 2 - Describe one person with two words connected by and or but.

Line 3 - Use a verb and an adverb (an action word and a word that ends with -ly) to show this person in a typical action.

Line 4 - Use a comparison to show a special quality that this person has.

Line 5 - Close the poem with an "If only" phrase which expresses something you wish for regarding this person.

Examples:

My baby brother
Whiny and wet
Cries constantly
As noisy as a thousand screeching tires--
If only I had a soundproof bedroom.

Lesson Six: "Roberto Clemente: A Bittersweet Memoir"

Objectives:

1. Students will read about Roberto Clemente
2. Students will write a name poem
3. Students will answer questions about Roberto Clemente.

Writing Activities:

1. After reading the selection, students are to answer the questions one through eight on page 401 of *Prentice Hall Literature, Silver* (Izenburg, 1976). The questions focus on recalling, interpreting and applying the literature.

   Students are to also write a memoir about someone in their family. They may use another family member as a primary source.

2. Name Poem

   A name poem is on in which each letter of a person's name (first or last) is used as the initial letter for one line of the poem. This type of poem need not rhyme. Students should include at

least one country their ancestors are from in their name poem.

3. Students are to write a name poem for Roberto Clemente, using either his first or last name.

Examples:

Judy is a teen age girl
Usually in a social swirl
Drives her mother up the wall
Yacking on her tenth phone call

Sean has bright red hair
Even freckles on his face
And he loves to play soccer
Never likes to do chores

Eats almost anything,
Likes to climb a tree,
In overalls and T-shirt
Zany as can be.

Adopting any animal,
Big toe has a blister,
Elizabeth, Elizabeth
That's my sister!
Hurrah!

The Literature: Biography

"Roberto Clemente--A Bittersweet Memoir," Jerry Izenberg

I saw him play so often. I watched the grace of his movements and the artistry of his reflexes from who knows how many press boxes. None of us really appreciated how pure an athlete he was until he was gone. What follows is a personal retracing of the steps that took Roberto Clemente from the narrow, crowded streets of his native Carolina to the local ball parks in San Juan and on to the major leagues. But it is more. It is a remembrance formed as I stood at the water's edge in Puerto Rico and stared at daybreak into the waves that killed him. It is all the people I met in Puerto Rico who knew him and loved him. It is the way an entire island in the sun and a Pennsylvania city in the smog took his death.

The record book will tell you that Roberto Clemente collected 3,000 hits during his major-league career. It will say that he came to bat 9,454 times, that he drove in 1,305 runs, and played 2,433 games over an eighteen-year span.

But it won't tell you about Carolina, Puerto Rico; and the old square; and the narrow, twisting streets; and the roots that produced him. It won't tell you about the Julio Coronado School and a remarkable woman named Maria Isabella Casares, whom he called "Teacher" until the day he died, and who helped to shape his life in times of despair and depression. It won't tell you about a man named Pedro Zarrilla, who found him on a country softball team and put him in the uniform of the Santurce club and who nursed him from a promising young athlete to a major-league superstar.

And most of all, those cold numbers won't begin to delineate the man Roberto Clemente was. To even begin to understand what this magnificent athlete was all about, you have to work backward. The search begins at the site of its ending.

The car moves easily through the predawn streets of San Juan. It turns down a bumpy secondary road and moves past small shantytowns. Then there is another turn, onto hard-packed dirt and sand; and although the light has not yet quite begun to break, you can sense the nearness of the ocean. You can hear its waves, pounding harshly against the

jagged rocks. You can smell its saltiness. The car noses to a stop, and the driver says, "From here you must walk." The place is called Punta Maldonado.

"This is the nearest place," the driver tells me. "This is where they came by the thousands on that New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. Out there," he says, gesturing with his right hand, "out there, perhaps a mile and a half from where we stand. That's where we think the plane went down."

The final hours of Roberto Clemente were like this. Just a month or so before, he had agreed to take a junior-league baseball team to Nicaragua and manage it in an all-star game in Managua. He had met people and made friends there. He was not a man who made friends casually. He had always said that the people you wanted to give your friendship to were the people to whom you had to be willing to give something--no matter what the price.

Just two weeks after he returned from that trip, Managua, Nicaragua, exploded into flames. The earth trembled, and people died. It was the worst earthquake anywhere in the hemisphere in a long time.

Back in Puerto Rico, a television personality named Luis Vigereaux heard the news and was moved to try to help the victims. He needed someone to whom the people would listen, someone who could say what had to be said and get the work done that had to be done, and help the people who had to be helped.

"I knew," Luis Vigereaux said, "that Roberto was such a person, perhaps the only such person who would be willing to help."

And so the mercy project, which would eventually claim Roberto's life, began. He appeared on television. But he needed a staging area. The city agreed to give him Sixto Escobar Stadium.

"Bring what you can," he told the people. "Bring medicine...bring clothes...bring food...bring shoes...bring yourself to help us load. We need so much. Whatever you bring, we will use."

And the people of San Juan came. They walked through the heat, and they drove old cars and battered little trucks, and the mound of supplies grew and grew. Within two days, the first mercy planes left for Nicaragua.

Meanwhile, a ship had been chartered and loaded. And as it prepared to steam away, unhappy stories began to drift back from Nicaragua. Not all the supplies that had been flown in, it was rumored, were getting through. Puerto Ricans who had flown the planes had no passports, and Nicaragua was in a state of panic.

"We have people there who must be protected. Black-market types must not be allowed to get their hands on these supplies," Clemente told Luis Vigereaux. "Someone must make sure--particularly before the ship gets there. I'm going on the next plane."

The plane they had rented was an old DC7. It was scheduled to take off at 4 P.M. on December 31, 1972. Long before takeoff time, it was apparent that the plane needed more work. It had even taxied onto the runway and then turned back. The trouble, a mechanic who was at the airstrip that day conjectured, "had to do with both port [left side] engines. We worked on them most of the afternoon."

The departure time was delayed an hour, and then two, and then three. At 9 P.M., even as the first stirrings of

the annual New Year's Eve celebration were beginning in downtown San Juan, the DC-7 taxied onto the runway, received clearance, rumbled down the narrow concrete strip, and pulled away from the earth. It headed out over the Atlantic and banked toward Nicaragua, and its tiny lights disappeared on the horizon.

Just ninety seconds later, the tower at San Juan International Airport received this message from the DC-7 pilot, "We are coming back around."

Just that.

Nothing more.

And then there was a great silence.

"It was almost midnight," recalls Rudy Hernandez, a former teammate of Roberto's. "We were having this party in my restaurant. Somebody turned on the radio, and the announcer was saying that Roberto's plane was feared missing. And then, because my place is on the beach, we saw these giant floodlights crisscrossing the waves, and we heard the sound of the helicopters and the little search planes."

Drawn by a common sadness, the people of San Juan began to make their way toward the beach, toward Punta Maldonado.

A cold rain had begun to fall. It washed their faces and blended with the tears.

They came by the thousands, and they watched for three days. Towering waves boiled up and made the search virtually impossible. The US Navy sent a team of expert divers into the area, but the battering of the waves defeated them too. Midway through the week, the pilot's body was found in the swift-moving currents to the north. On Saturday, bits of the cockpit were sighted.

And then--nothing else.

Rudy Hernandez said, "I have never seen a time or a sadness like that. The streets were empty, the radios silent, except for the constant bulletins about Roberto. Traffic? Forget it. All of us cried. All of us who knew him, and even those who didn't, wept that week. There will never be another like Roberto."

Who was he . . . I mean really?

He was born in Carolina, Puerto Rico. Today the town has about 125,000 people, but when Roberto was born there in 1934, it was roughly one-sixth its current size.

Maria Isabella Casares is a schoolteacher. She has taught the children of Carolina for thirty years. Most of her teaching has been done in tenth-grade history classes. Carolina is her home, and its children are her children. And among all of those whom she calls her own (who are all the children she taught), Roberto Clemente was something even more special to her.

"His father was an overseer on a sugar plantation. He did not make much money," she explained in an empty classroom at Julio Coronado School. "But then, there are no rich children here. There never have been. Roberto was typical of them. I had known him when he was a small boy because my father had run a grocery store in Carolina, and Roberto's parents used to shop there."

There is this thing that you have to know about Maria Isabella Casares before we hear more from her. What you have to know is that she is the model of what a teacher should be. Between her and her students even now, as back when Roberto attended her school, there is this common bond of mutual respect. Earlier in the day, I had watched her teach a class in the history of the Abolition Movement in

Puerto Rico. I don't speak much Spanish, but even to me it was clear that this is how a class should be, this is the kind of person who should teach, and these are the kinds of students such a teacher will produce.

With this as a background, what she has to say about Roberto Clemente carries much more impact.

"Each year," she said, "I let my students choose the seats they want to sit in. I remember the first time I saw Roberto. He was a very shy boy, and he went straight to the back of the room and chose the very last seat. Most of the time he would sit with his eyes down. He was an average student. But there was something very special about him. We would talk after class for hours. He wanted to be an engineer, you know, and perhaps he could have been. But then he began to play softball, and one day he came to me and said, 'Teacher, I have a problem.'

"He told me that Pedro Zarrilla, who was one of our most prominent baseball people, had seen him play, and that Pedro wanted him to sign a professional contract with the Santurce Crabbers. He asked me what he should do.

"I have thought about that conversation many times. I believe Roberto could have been almost anything, but God gave him a gift that few have, and he chose to use that gift. I remember that on that day I told him, 'This is your chance, Roberto. We are poor people in this town. This is your chance to do something. But if in your heart you prefer not to try, then, Roberto, that will be your problem--and your decision."'

There was, and there always remained, a closeness between this boy-soon-to-be-a-man and his favorite teacher.

"Once, a few years ago, I was sick with a very bad back. Roberto, not knowing this, had driven over from Rio Piedras, where his house was, to see me," Mrs. Casares recalled.

"Where is the teacher?" Roberto asked Mrs. Casares's stepdaughter that afternoon.

"Teacher is sick, Roberto. She is in bed."

"Teacher," Roberto said, pounding on the bedroom door, "get up and put on your clothes. We are going to the doctor whether you want to or not."

"I got dressed," Mrs. Casares told me, "and he picked me up like a baby and carried me in his arms to the car. He came every day for fifteen days, and most days he had to carry me. But I went to the doctor, and he treated me. Afterward, I said to the doctor that I wanted to pay the bill.

"'Mrs. Casares,' he told me 'please don't start with that Clemente, or he will kill me. He has paid all your bills, and don't you dare tell him I have told you.'

"Well, Roberto was like that. We had been so close. You know, I think I was there the day he met Vera, the girl he later married. She was one of my students too. I was working part-time in the pharmacy, and he was already a baseball player by then, and one day Vera came into the store.

"'Teacher,' Roberto asked me, 'who is that girl?'

"'That's one of my students,' I told him. 'Now, don't you dare bother her. Go out and get someone to introduce you. Behave yourself.'

"He was so proper, you know. That's just what he did, and that's how he met her; and they were married here in Carolina in the big church on the square."

On the night Roberto Clemente's plane disappeared, Mrs. Casares was at home, and a delivery boy from the pharmacy stopped by and told her to turn on the radio and sit down. "I think something has happened to someone who is very close to you, Teacher, and I want to be here in case you need help."

Maria Isabella Casares heard the news. She is a brave woman, and months later, standing in front of the empty crypt in the cemetery at Carolina where Roberto Clemente was to have been buried, she said, "He was like a son to me. This is why I want to tell you about him. This is why you must make people--particularly our people, our Puerto Rican children--understand what he was. He was like my son, and he is all our sons in a way. We must make sure that the children never forgot how beautiful a man he was."

The next person to touch Roberto Clemente was Pedro Zarrilla, who owned the Santurce club. He was the man who

discovered Clemente on the country softball team, and he was the man who signed him for a four-hundred-dollar bonus.

"He was a skinny kid," Pedro Zarrilla recalls, "but even then he had those large, powerful hands, which we all noticed right away. He joined us, and he was nervous. But I watched him, and I said to myself, 'This kid can throw, and this kid can run, and this kid can hit. We will be patient with him.' The season had been through several games before I finally sent him in to play."

Luis Olmo remembers that game. Luis Olmo had been a major-league outfielder with the Brooklyn Dodgers. He had been a splendid ballplayer. Today he is in the insurance business in San Juan. He sat in his office and recalled very well that first moment when Roberto Clemente stepped up to bat.

"I was managing the other team. They had a man on base, and this skinny kid comes out. Well, we had never seen him, so we didn't really know how to pitch to him. I decided to throw him a few bad balls and see if he'd bite.

"He hit the first pitch. It was an outside fast ball, and he never should have been able to reach it. But he hit it

down the line for a double. He was the best bad-ball hitter I have ever seen, and if you ask major-league pitchers who are pitching today, they will tell you the same thing. After a while, it got so that I just told my pitchers to throw the ball down the middle, because he was going it no matter where they put it; and at if he decided not to swing, we'd have one on him.

"I played in the big leagues. I know what I am saying. He was the greatest we ever had . . . maybe one of the greatest anyone ever had. Why did he have to die?"

Once Pedro Zarrilla turned him loose, there was no stopping Roberto Clemente. As Clemente's confidence grew, he began to get better and better. He was the one the crowds came to see out at Sixto Escobar Stadium.

"You know, when Clemente was in line-up," Pedro Zarrilla says, "there was always this undercurrent of excitement in the ball park. You knew that if he was coming to bat, he would do something spectacular. You knew that if he was on first base, he was going to try to get to second base. You knew that if he was playing right field and was a man on third base, then that man on third base already knew

what a lot of men on third base in the majors were going to find out--you don't try to get home against Roberto Clemente's arm."

Soon the major-league scouts began make their moves, and in 1955 Robert Clemente came to the Pittsburgh Pirates. He the finest prospect the club had had in a long time. But the Pirates of those days were spectacular losers, and even Roberto Clemente couldn't turn them around overnight.

"I will never forget how fast he became a superstar in this town," says Bob Friend who became a great Pirate pitcher. "Later he would have troubles because he was hurt or thought he was hurt, and some people would say that he was loafing. But I he gave it his best shot, and he helped make us winners."

The first winning year was 1960, when the Pirates won the pennant and went on to beat the Yankees in the seventh game of the World Series. Whitey Ford, who pitched against him twice in that Series, recalls that Roberto actually made himself look bad on an outside pitch to encourage Whitey to come back with it. "I did," Ford recalls, "and he unloaded. Another thing I remember is the way he ran out a routine

ground ball in the last game, and when we were a little slow covering, he beat it out. It was something most people forget, but it made the Pirates' victory possible."

The season was over. Roberto Clemente had hit safely in every World Series game. He had batted over .300. He had been a superstar. But when they announced the Most Valuable Player Award voting, Roberto had finished a distant third.

"I really don't think he resented the fact that he didn't win it," Bob Friend says. "What hurt--and in this he was right--was how few votes he got. He felt that he simply wasn't being accepted. He brooded about that a lot. I think his attitude became one of 'Well, I'm going to show them from now on so that they will never forget.'

"And you know, he sure did."

Roberto Clemente went home and married Vera. He felt less alone. Now he could go on and prove what it was he had to prove. And he was determined to prove it.

His moment finally came. It took eleven years for the Pirates to win a World Series berth again, and when they did in 1971, it was Roberto Clemente who led the way. I will

never forget him as he was during that 1971 Series with the Orioles, a Series that the Pirates figured to lose and in which they, in fact, dropped the first two games down in Baltimore.

When they got back to Pittsburgh for the middle slice of the tournament, Roberto Clemente went to work and led his team. He was a superstar during the five games that followed. He was the big man in the Series. He was the MVP. He was everything he had ever dreamed of being on a ball field.

Most important of all, the entire country saw him do it on network television, and never again--even though nobody knew it would end so tragically soon--was anyone ever to doubt his ability.

The following year, Clemente ended the season by collecting his three thousandth hit. Only ten other men had ever done that in the entire history of baseball.

"When I think of Roberto now," says Willie Stargell, his closest friend on the Pirates, "I think of the kind of man he was. There was nothing phony about him. He had his own ideas about how life should be lived; and if you didn't see

it that way, then he let you know in so many ways, without words, that it was best you each go your separate ways. "He was a man who chose his friends carefully. His was a friendship worth having. I don't think many people took the time and the trouble to try to understand him, and I'll admit it wasn't easy. But he was worth it.

"The way he died, you know, I mean on that plane carrying supplies to Nicaraguans who'd been dying in that earthquake, well, I wasn't surprised he'd go out and do something like that. I wasn't surprised he'd go. I just never thought what happened could happen to him.

"But I know this. He lived a full life. And if he knew at that moment what the Lord had decided, well, I really believe he would have said, 'I'm ready.'"

He was thirty-eight years old when he died. He touched the hearts of Puerto Rico in a way that few people ever could. He touched a lot of other hearts, too. He touched hearts that beat inside people of all colors of skin.

Lesson Seven: "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings"

Reading Selections:

"I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," an excerpt from an autobiography by Maya Angelou

Poem, "Human Family", Maya Angelou

Poem, "If I Were in Charge of the World", Judith Viorst

Objectives:

1. Students will complete the poem, "If I Were In Charge of the World."
2. Students will read "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," They will describe how this incident influenced Maya's life.
3. Students will read the poem "Human Family" by Maya Angelou.
4. The students will answer questions about the reading selection "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings."

Other Writing Activities:

1. After reading "I Know Why the Caged Bird sings," students are to answer questions one through nine on page 408 of *Prentice Hall Literature, Silver*

(Angelou, 1969). The questions will probe students' understanding and interpretation of the story.

2. Students are to list several incidents in their lives that they recall as being important to them. They are to choose one incident and freewrite (write the thoughts that first come to mind) about one page.

The Literature:

From "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," Maya Angelou

We lived with our grandmother and uncle in the rear of the Store (it was always spoken of with a capital s), which she had owned some twenty-five years.

Early in the century, Momma (we soon stopped calling her Grandmother) sold lunches to the sawmen in the lumberyard (east Stamps) and the seedmen at the cotton gin (west Stamps). Her crisp meat pies and cool lemonade, when joined to her miraculous ability to be in two places at the same time, assured her business success. From being a mobile lunch counter, she set up a stand between the two points of fiscal interest and supplied the workers' needs for a few years. Then she had the Store built in the heart of the Negro area. Over the years it became the lay center of activities in town. On Saturdays, barbers sat their customers in the shade on the porch of the Store, and troubadours on their ceaseless crawlings through the South leaned across its benches and sang their sad songs of The Brazos' while they played juice harps and cigar-box guitars.

The formal name of the Store was the Wm. Johnson General Merchandise Store. Customers could find food staples, a good variety of colored thread, mash for hogs, corn for chickens, coal oil for lamps, light bulbs for the wealthy, shoestrings, hair dressing, balloons, and flower seeds. Anything not visible had only to be ordered.

Until we became familiar enough to belong to the Store and it to us, we were locked up in a Fun House of Things where the attendant had gone home for life....

Weighing the half-pounds of flour, excluding the scoop, and depositing them dust-free into the thin paper sacks held a simple kind of adventure for me. I developed an eye for measuring how full a silverlooking ladle of flour, mash, meal, sugar or corn had to be to push the scale indicator over to eight ounces or one pound. When I was absolutely accurate our appreciative customers used to admire: "Sister Henderson sure got some smart grandchildren." If I was off in the Store's favor, the eagle-eyed women would say, "Put some more in that sack, child. Don't you try to make your profit offa me."

Then I would quietly but persistently punish myself. For every bad judgment, the fine was no silver-wrapped kisses, the sweet chocolate drops that I loved more than anything in the world, except Bailey. And maybe canned pineapples. My obsession with pineapples nearly drove me mad. I dreamt of the days when I would be grown and able to buy a whole carton for myself alone.

Although the syrupy golden rings sat in their exotic cans on our shelves year round, we only tasted them during Christmas. Momma used the juice to make almost-black fruit cakes. Then she lined heavy sootencrusted iron skillets with the pineapple rings for rich upside-down cakes. Bailey an I received one slice each, and I carried mine around for hours, shredding off the fruit until nothing was left except the perfume on my fingers. I'd like to think that my desire for pineapples was so sacred that I wouldn't allow myself to steal a can (which was possible) and eat it alone out in the garden, but I'm certain that I must have weighed the possibility of the scent exposing me and didn't have the nerve to attempt it.

Until I was thirteen and left Arkansas for good, the Store was my favorite place to be. Alone and empty in the mornings, it looked like an unopened present from a stranger. Opening the front doors was pulling the ribbon off the unexpected gift. The light would come in softly (we faced north), easing itself over the shelves of mackerel, salmon, tobacco, thread. It fell flat on the big vat of lard and by noontime during the summer the grease had softened to a thick soup. Whenever I walked into the Store in the afternoon, I sensed that it was tired. I alone could hear the slow pulse of its job half done. But just before bedtime, after numerous people had walked in and out, had argued over their bills, or joked about their neighbors, or just dropped in "to give Sister Henderson a 'Hi y'all,'" the promise of magic mornings returned to the Store and spread itself over the family in washed life waves....

When Maya was about ten years old, she returned to Stamps from a visit to St. Louis with her mother. She had become depressed and withdrawn.

For nearly a year, I sopped around the house, the Store, the school and the church, like an old biscuit, dirty and inedible. Then I met, or rather got to know, the lady who threw me my first lifeline.

Mrs. Bertha Flowers was the aristocrat of Black Stamps. She had the grace of control to appear warm in the coldest weather, and on the Arkansas summer days it seemed she had a private breeze which swirled around, cooling her. She was thin without the taut look of wiry people, and her printed voile dresses and flowered hats were as right for her as denim overalls for a farmer. She was our side's answer to the richest white woman in town.

Her skin was a rich black that would have peeled like a plum if snagged, but then no one would have thought of getting close enough to Mrs. Flowers to ruffle her dress, let alone snag her skin. She didn't encourage familiarity. She wore gloves too.

I don't think I ever saw Mrs.: Flowers laugh, but she smiled often. A slow widening of her thin black lips to thank her. The action was so graceful and inclusively benign.

She was one of the few gentlewomen I have ever known, and has remained throughout my life the measure of what a human being can be....

One summer afternoon, sweet-milk fresh in my memory, she stopped at the Store to buy provisions. Another Negro woman of her health and age would have been expected to carry the paper sacks home in one hand, but Momma said, "Sister Flowers, I'll send Bailey up to your house with these things."

She smiled that slow dragging smile, "Thank you, Mrs. Henderson. I'd prefer Marguerite, though." My name was beautiful when she said it. "I've been meaning to talk to her, anyway." They gave each other age-group looks.

Momma said. "Well, that's all right then. Sister, go and change your dress. You going to Sister Flowers's...."

There was a little path beside the rocky road, and Mrs. Flowers walked in front swinging her arms and picking her way over the stones.

She said, without turning her head, to me, "I hear you're doing very good school work, Marguerite, but that it's all written. The teachers report that they have

trouble getting you to talk in class." We passed the triangular farm on our left and the path widened to allow us to walk together. I hung back in the separate unasked and unanswerable questions.

"Come and walk along with me, Marguerite." I couldn't have refused even if I wanted to. She pronounced my name so nicely. Or more correctly, she spoke each word with such clarity that I was certain a foreigner who didn't understand English could have understood her.

"Now no one is going to make you talk--possibly no one can. But bear in mind, language is man's way of communicating with his fellow man and it is language alone which separates him from the lower animals." That was a totally new idea to me, and I would need time to think about it.

"Your grandmother says you read a lot. Every chance you get. That's good, but not good enough. Words mean more than what is set down on paper. It takes the human voice to infuse them with the shades of deeper meaning."

I memorized the part about the human voice infusing words. It seemed so valid and poetic.

She said she was going to give me some books and that I not only must read them, I must read them aloud. She suggested that I try to make a sentence sound in as many different ways as possible.

"I'll accept no excuse if you return a book to me that has been badly handled." My imagination boggled at the punishment I would deserve if in fact I did abuse a book of Mrs. Flowers'. Death would be too kind and brief.

The odors in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any other common experience of common people. There must have been an outhouse, too, but my mind never recorded it.

The sweet scent of vanilla had met us; she opened the door.

"I made tea cookies this morning. You see, I had planned to invite you for cookies and lemonade so we could have this lithe chat. The lemonade is in the icebox."

It followed that Mrs. Flowers would have ice on an ordinary day, when most families in our town bought ice late on Saturday only a few times during the summer to be used in the wooden ice cream freezers.

She took the bags from me and disappeared through the kitchen door. I looked around the room that I had never in my wildest fantasies imagined I would see. Browned photographs leered or threatened from the walls and the white, freshly done curtains pushed against themselves and against the wind. I wanted to gobble up the room entire and take it to Bailey, who would help me analyze and enjoy it.

"Have a seat, Marguerite. Over there by the table." She carried a platter covered with a tea towel. Although she warned that she hadn't tried her hand at baking sweets for some time, I was certain that like every thing else about her the cookies would be perfect.

They were flat round wafers, slightly browned on the edges and butter-yellow in the center. With the cold lemonade they were sufficient for childhood's lifelong diet. Remembering my manners, I took nice little ladylike bites off the edges. She said she had made them expressly for me and that she had a few in the kitchen that I could take home to my brother. So I jammed one whole cake in my mouth and the rough crumbs scratched the insides of my jaws, and if I hadn't had to swallow, it would have been a dream come true.

As I ate she began the first of what we later called "my lessons in living." She said that I must always be intolerant of ignorance but understanding of illiteracy. That some people, unable to go to school, were more educated and even more intelligent than college professors. She encouraged me to listen carefully to what country people called mother wit. That in those homely sayings was couched the collective wisdom of generations.

When I finished the cookies she brushed off the table and brought a thick, small book from the bookcase. I had read A *Tale of Two Cities* and found it up to my standards as a romantic novel. She opened the first page and I heard poetry for the first time in my life.

"It was the best of times and the worst of times. . ." Her voice slid in and curved down through and over the words. She was nearly singing. I wanted to look at the pages. Were they the same that I had read? Or were there notes, music, lined on the pages, as in a hymn book? Her sounds began cascading gently. I knew from listening to a thousand preachers that she was nearing the end of her

reading, and I hadn't really heard, heard to understand, a single word.

"How do you like that?"

It occurred to me that she expected a response. The sweet vanilla flavor was still on my tongue and her reading was a wonder in my ears. I had to speak.

I said, "Yes, ma'am." It was the least I could do, but it was the most also.

"There's one more thing. Take this book of poems and mobilize one for me. Next time you pay me a visit, I want you to recite."

I have tried often to search behind the sophistication of years for the enchantment I so easily found in those gifts. The essence escapes but its aura remains. To be allowed, no, invited, into the private lives of strangers, and to share their joys and fears, was a chance to exchange the Southern bitter wormwood for a cup of mead with Beowulf or a hot cup of tea and milk with Oliver Twist. When I said aloud, "It is a far better thing that I do, than I have ever done . . ." tears of love filled my eyes at my selflessness.

On that first day, I ran down the hill and into the road (few cars ever came along it) and had the good sense to stop running before I reached the Store.

I was liked, and what a difference it made. I was respected not as Mrs. Henderson's grandchild or Bailey's sister but for just being Marguerite Johnson.

Childhood's logic never asks to be proved (all conclusions are absolute). I didn't question why Mrs. Flowers had singled me out for attention, nor did it occur to me that Momma might have asked her to give me a little talking to. All I cared about was that she had made tea cookies for me and read to me from her favorite book. It was enough to prove that she liked me.

HUMAN FAMILY

Maya Angelou

I note the obvious
differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their
lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim
they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our
skin tones
can confuse, bemuse,
delight,
Brown and pink and
beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon
the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders
of the world,
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite
different thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my
friends,
than we are unlike

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unalike.
We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unalike.

Poetry Form: "If I were in charge of the world" by Judith Viorst

I'd cancel _____

_____

and also _____

If I were in charge of the world

There'd be _____

_____

and _____

_____

If I were in charge of the world

You wouldn't have _____

You wouldn't have _____

You wouldn't have _____

Or "Don't _____

You wouldn't even have _____

If I were in charge of the world

A _____

would be a vegetable.

All _____ would be _____

And a person who sometimes forgot _____

And sometimes forgot_____

Would still be allowed to be in charge of the world.

Lesson Eight: History of Me Presentation

The students will prepare a three minute speech on their cultural background. They may incorporate the "I Am Poem." Students may also use any of their autobiographical essay, timeline, or family tree in their presentations. They may have a visual. While telling about their ancestral background, they are to describe one holiday tradition in their family.

The students speeches will be video taped.

Objectives:

1. Students will practice speaking. They will be graded on voice projection, eye contact, preparation and poise.
2. Students will practice listening and evaluation skills.
3. Students will operate multimedia

   Equipment: Microphones, mixer, camcorder music
4. Students will locate on their maps where each student is from.
5. Students will write the "I Am Poem."

6. Students will take notes and learn of each others' cultural backgrounds.
7. In an effort to develop self-esteem, students will complete a project about themselves to share with others. The presentations will be video-taped and shared at the Multicultural Celebration.
8. Students will each write an "I am poem" about one of the main characters from one of the reading selections in *The History of Me* unit. They will share these poems in their groups.

I AM POEM

You too can write an "I Am poem". How? Begin by describing two things about yourself--special things about yourself. Avoid the obvious and the ordinary, such as "I am a 13-year-old boy with brown hair." There are millions of 13-year-old boys with brown hair. Think of things about yourself that are distinctive.

"I am a girl who bruises easily and believes in astrology--when the stars are right." That's better because it gives a sense of the speaker...and how she is different from other people. Don't be afraid to be different.

Once you have an opening line, you're ready to take off. Here is a line-by-line guide you can follow.

I Am

I am (two special characteristics you have)

I wonder (something you are actually curious about)

I hear (an imaginary sound)

I see (an imaginary sight)

I want (an imaginary sight)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I pretend (something you actually pretend to do)

I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)

I touch (an imaginary object)

I worry (something that really bothers you)

I cry (something that makes you very sad)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I understand (something you know is true)

I say (something you believe in)

I dream (something you actually dream about)

I try (something you really make an effort about)

I hope (something you actually hope for)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

Lesson Nine: Culminating Activity - Multicultural Celebration

The Multicultural celebration is the culminating activity for the first unit of work, *The History of me*. The celebration is of special significance. It provides opportunity at the beginning of the year for all eighth grade students, teachers and parents to become acquainted while working on a worthy project. Also, the celebration is a rich and positive experience for everyone because most all students become involved, reach their goals and complete their projects. Parents are happy to meet the teachers and prepare their favorite tasty ethnic specialty. Students and teachers are eager to feast on the offerings.

After the feast, the students view the video *Stand and Deliver*. This film is about Jaime Escalante, a highly successful math teacher at East Los Angeles Garfield High School. Mr. Escalante inspires eighteen students to study math after school hours and during vacations. He encourages them to take the National Advanced Placement Exam. This story is true and hopefully it will inspire and encourage all of your students.

The students are to view the film remembering that they are to answer four questions after the movie is over.

Stand and Deliver Discussion and Writing Activity:

1. How did Jaime Escalante's cultural background help prepare him to relate to his students?
2. Discuss as many reasons as you can as to why the students were successful in learning.
3. Describe the results of the first National Advanced Placement Exam.
4. Describe the results of the second Advanced Placement test.

You will want to remember to save student work in portfolios so you can display it at a later time. During the celebration, students work may be displayed on hall bulletin boards and in the room where the feast is held. Display some of the following: poetry, autobiographical essays, time lines, masks, family trees, maps and self-collages.

Appendix C: The Diary of Anne Frank

Lesson One: Background for *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett (Teaching time about 3-4 class periods).

Students do not have a concept of world history during the time frame in which Anne lived. It is absolutely necessary to provide much background information. If this is not provided for the students, they miss the true meaning of the play. The following videos and follow-up activities provide the information quickly and in a medium which students enjoy and are used to. First, students view the thirty minute video, *Hitler Portrait Of A Tyrant*. This video clearly portrays Hitler's desire for greatness, his sadistic nature, his personal relationships, and other shocking revelations. The students are to take notes and write ten facts about Hitler. They easily find ten facts right away. Students are now interested and continue to watch the thirty minute video without taking notes. After the video, students share their notes in groups of six and each student adds an additional ten facts about Hitler to their list of notes.

On the second day students answer the questions on scapegoating. They are to prepare for watching the video entitled *Hitler's Master Race: The Mad Dream Of The S.S.* This video is thirty minutes in length. The video clearly portrays how Hitler used the Jews as scapegoats in order to accomplish his goals in achieving the fulfillment of his dreams for the S.S. After the video, students are to write one page describing the details of Hitler's dream.

On the third day, students view the video *World War II: Frank Capra's The Nazis Strike*. This video is a well-made relatively short summary of World War II. It includes actual newsreel footage filmed in 1942. The video gives the reasons for the war and includes the major events on the European front. This film was originally released by the United States War Department as a piece of propaganda to explain why the United States went to war, and students should view it with that in mind. This video is more difficult for the students to understand. It is also longer, taking about fifty minutes to view. Students may view half of the video one day, then, discuss and do map work. On the next day, students watch the rest of the video

and do more review and map work. This video lends itself more to a history lesson. Students should view this video in history and also study the propaganda aspects of the film. They should discuss how it was used to engage the American people in World War II.

Lesson Two: Field Trip To The Simon Wiesenthal Museum Of Tolerance and follow-up activity. (Teaching Time 2 days)

At the *Simon Wiesenthal Center, Beit Hashoah Museum Of Tolerance*, located in Los Angeles, California, all visitors entering the Holocaust section of the museum receive a passport with a photo and a story of a child whose life was changed by the Holocaust. The story is updated throughout the visit. At the end of the visit the ultimate fate of the child is revealed by computer and a printout is given to each visitor.

The trip to the Museum is one the students will not forget, especially when they are required to save their computer printout they received at the Museum. On the following day students write a one to two page summary of their child's life taken from information on their computer printout. The teacher will photocopy the picture of each child from the printouts the students receive. These stories and pictures can be displayed on a large hall bulletin board. Others can be displayed in a large album

for students to read. Each student should have a turn at reading the scrapbook. The album should be entitled, *A Memoir, Children of the Holocaust*. Students read and log the date they read the scrapbook. They are eager to see how their work is displayed and are interested in viewing the lives of the other children pictured in the book.

Writing Activity:

Tell about what happened during the Holocaust. Describe where and when these events took place. You may tell why the events happened. Sometimes, we learn lessons from events that happened earlier in history. In your last paragraph, tell about the lessons we should have learned from the past. Please relay the specific events which taught you lessons.

As you write, tell your readers what the places, events, and people looked like. Tell what people were doing. Let your readers know how all that happened during the Holocaust has affected you.

Computer Printout of the Life of Monia Levinski

1931

Kazlu-Ruda, Lithuania

A Personal History from the Archives

of The Simon Wiesenthal Center

Beit Hashoah Museum of Tolerance

Monia, the son of Leon and Chaja Levinski, lived along with his parents and his older sister Assia in a small village in rural Lithuania. Monia's father was a lumber dealer. Monia was a member of a large, loving, close-knit extended family. His grandparents lived on a large farm a few miles outside town. Both of his parents had attended high school in Marijampole the closest city. Marijampole's 2,545 Jews earned their livelihood from trading in agricultural produce and from small industry. The Jews of Marijampole established the first Hebrew high school in Lithuania. A small farm which trained youth interested in pioneering in Palestine, was established outside the city.

Monia was a ten year-old schoolboy in the summer of 1941, when the Germans invaded Lithuania. Monia and his family were forced to leave their home. Along with all the Jews of the surrounding area. They were confined to an overcrowded, sealed-off ghetto in Marijampole. Over 7.000 people endured great hardship. There was inadequate food, medicine, and sanitation.

At the beginning of September 1941, the ghetto was emptied. Jews, in groups of 500, were marched a few miles out of the city by members of German mobile killing squads, the Einsatzgruppen, and their Lithuanian collaborators. Anyone trying to escape was immediately shot. Forced to stand along already prepared ditches they were massacred. Monia was ten years old.

Monia was one of 1.5 million Jewish children murdered by the Germans and their collaborators in the Holocaust.

Lesson Three: Reading the Play, *The Diary of Anne Frank*

(Teaching time 2-4 weeks)

It is more interesting for the students when you vary your seating arrangement while reading the play. Place all the desks in a semi circle, or a three quarter circle. If your room is not large enough, make the circle two rows deep. Place the characters names in the front center seats. All students can easily see and hear the characters as they read. Every student who wants to read should be given a part. Try to give the larger parts to students who are the most fluent and expressive. This is a good opportunity to work on oral language skills. The following material can be used as students read the play. Please note, the vocabulary lessons are taken from Prentice Hall level Silver published by Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. Plenty of materials are available from the publisher to use in teaching *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Also, the worksheets have been reformatted from material published by the Society For Visual Education Inc. This material may be available at your public library. The worksheets include the following:

1. Holland Occupation
2. Anti-Semitism
3. Neo-Fascism
4. Vocabulary Act I
5. Vocabulary Act II

The worksheets were chosen to cause the students not only to broaden their vocabulary, but also to recognize prejudice and discrimination.

Holland Occupation

In 1933, Adolf Hitler came to power in Germany. He immediately began making life very difficult for Germany's Jews. Many Jewish Germans, including Anne Frank and her family, moved to other countries, including Holland, where Jews were not discriminated against.

During World War II, Hitler began taking over other countries in Europe. On May 10, 1940, German troops invaded Holland. Four days later, the country surrendered to the Germans and was occupied. As a result, Dutch people no longer had any freedom. What do you do when your freedom is taken away? Many people did not think very much about it. Their main concern was staying alive so they did nothing that would attract the attention of the Germans.

Some Dutch people helped the Nazis. They hoped to gain a personal profit from the war. These people volunteered to fight in the German army and also helped capture Jews that were in hiding.

But there were also people who refused to accept the situation. They joined the resistance. The men and women

in the resistance fought the Germans in many different ways. They forged papers, published secret newspapers, bombed Nazi buildings and helped many Jews escape capture.

The Dutch people suffered a great deal during the occupation. About seventy-five percent of Holland's Jewish population was killed, mostly in concentration camps. The Germans also forced thousands of Dutch citizens to work in German factories. Living conditions in parts of Holland became very bad. Because of the shortage of food, many people starved to death.

In May, 1945, Germany surrendered and Holland was liberated. Every year on May 5 Dutch people celebrate their return to freedom. On this occasion they also take time to remember the many victims of the occupation.

1. How did life change for Dutch people when Holland was invaded in 1940?
2. Describe three different ways that Dutch people responded to the occupation.
3. What are some of the things you might do if your country were occupied by an enemy?

Anti-Semitism

Anti-Semitism is prejudice against Jewish people. Anti-Semitism did not begin with the Nazis. It has existed for centuries wherever Jews have lived. And it can still be found in many parts of the world, including the United States and the Inland Empire.

During the Middle Ages, the Church played a major role in people's lives. Jews were seen as outsiders; because they held on to their own religious beliefs and customs. Many people distrusted the Jews because they were different. Jews were not allowed to hold many jobs or to own land. In many countries, they were forced to live in separate areas called ghettos. Throughout the years, some people continued to distrust the Jews. At various times whole Jewish communities were forced to leave a country or were even killed.

During World War II, Adolf Hitler, the dictator of Nazi Germany, decided to get rid of all the Jews in Europe. From every country that the Nazis occupied, Jewish people were transported to concentration camps where most were gassed or

worked to death. In all, about six million Jewish people were murdered.

Today, anti-Semitism still exists in many countries. Jews in the Soviet Union, for example, used to be discouraged from practicing their religion and they were usually not allowed to leave the country. In other parts of the world, Jewish cemeteries have been destroyed and Jewish schools and synagogues have been bombed.

Anti-Semitism is a very old form of discrimination. It has made victims of millions of innocent people throughout history. We must do everything we can to fight against all forms of discrimination that we see in our world.

1. What is anti-Semitism and how long has it been around?
2. Give some examples of anti-Semitism from the past.
3. How did the long history of anti-Semitism in Europe help Hitler carry out his plan for the Jews?
4. Give some examples of how anti-Semitism is present in today's world in America.

Neo-Fascism

There are still groups today who have the same ideas and beliefs as the fascists of Nazi Germany. We call them new or neo-fascists. There are neo-fascist groups in many European countries as well as in the United States and Canada. Although they may be small in size, such groups are threats to peace and justice in our world.

Neo-fascists blame certain minority groups for all of our problems. They say that everything will get better if these people are removed from society. This is exactly what Hitler said about the Jews. We know what that eventually led to.

Many neo-fascist groups deny that they have anything in common with the Nazis. They say that they are only interested in the future and that the past is behind us and should be forgotten. We know, however, that we can learn from the past.

Some neo-fascist groups try to rewrite history so that the Nazis do not look so bad. They say that no Jews were gassed and that the diary of Anne Frank is a fake. They talk about how Hitler helped the German people by giving

them jobs and pride in their country. They leave out how Hitler's fascism failed and that millions of innocent people lost their lives because of it.

Neo-fascism is not harmless and should not be ignored. We have learned from history that the Nazis were not taken seriously at the beginning. We must not make the same mistake again. Also, if we don't fight neo-fascism, some people will think "If no one is opposing them, then maybe they are right." But it is never right to discriminate against people because of the color of their skin, their religious beliefs or their nationality.

1. Give two reasons why it is important to pay attention to neo-fascists.
2. Why do you think that some neo-fascists groups say that they have nothing in common with the Nazis?
3. Why is it dangerous to allow the new-fascists to rewrite the history of World War II?

Vocabulary Act I

Name_____Date_____

The Diary of Anne Frank, Act I Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

A. Match each word in the left column with its definition in the right column. Write the letter of the definition on the line next to the word it defines.

_____1. fatalist	a. quick or changeable in behavior
_____2. unabashed	b. showily
_____3. insufferable	c. unbearable
_____4. conspicuous	d. one who believes events are determined by fate
_____5. mercurial	e. careful about details
_____6. meticulous	f. unashamed, undisturbed
_____7. ostentatiously	g. obvious, easily noticeable

B. Read each sentence. Complete the sentence with the best word from the list in the box. Use each word only once.

fatalist	unabashed	insufferable	conspicuous
mercurial	meticulous	ostentatiously	

1. "The Star of David is _____ on all of the Franks'

clothing."

2. "Then I'll have to stop being a stranger, won't I?" is Anne's _____ response to Peter's remark that his cat does not like strangers.
3. "You are the most intolerable, _____ boy I've ever met!" said Anne.
4. "Peter is coming from his bedroom, _____bulge in his coat is if he were holding his cat...."
5. Anne "is thirteen, quick in her movements, interested in everything, _____ in her emotions."
6. The stage directions describe Mr. Dussel as "a man in his late fifties, _____, finicky...bewildered now."
7. "Mrs. Van Daan pretends to be a _____. What will be, will be.

Vocabulary Act II

Name_____Date_____

The Diary of Anne Frank, Act 11 Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

A. Match each word in the left column with its definition in the right column. Write the letter of the definition on the line next to the word it defines.

_____1. inarticulate	a. sharply mocking
_____2. apprehension	b. in a secretive manner
_____3. intuition	c. speechless, unable to express oneself
_____4. sarcastic	d. without any effect
_____5. indignant	e. dread
_____6. inferiority complex	f. angry about some meanness or injustice
_____7. stealthily	g. ability to know without reasoning
_____8. ineffectually	h. sense of worthlessness, self-belittlement

B. Read each sentence. Complete the sentence with the best

word from the list in the box. Use each word only once.

inarticulate	intuition	indignant	stealthily
apprehension	sarcastic	inferiority complex	ineffectually

1. When Anne's mother suggests that Anne might be disturbing Peter without knowing it, Anne replies: "Mother, I have some _____."
2. Mr. Dussel is being _____ when he thanks Anne for letting him into his room.
3. Mr. Van Daan moves _____ when he is trying to steal food.
4. Mr. Frank tries _____to keep Dussel from going down stairs to answer the telephone.
5. "You shouldn't talk that way. You've got the most awful_____," Anne tells Peter when he says he isn't smart.
6. As Mr. Kraler tells them about the incident with Carl, "they all listen with intense_____."
7. "You know just how to talk to them. You know just how to say it. I'm no good...I never can think...especially when I'm mad," says Peter,

explaining why he is so.

8. "Aren't they awful? Aren't they impossible?" says Anne,_____, humiliated.

Lesson Four: Understanding *The Diary of Anne Frank*

(Teaching time one week)

After reading the play, students can view the actual performance of the play written by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. The play was made into a film in 1959 and can be seen on video. The black and white version produced by Twentieth Century Fox is the best. The video takes 156 minutes to view. Allow students to see twenty to thirty minutes of the video each day. Also, each day hold class discussion, or a follow-up activity from the following:

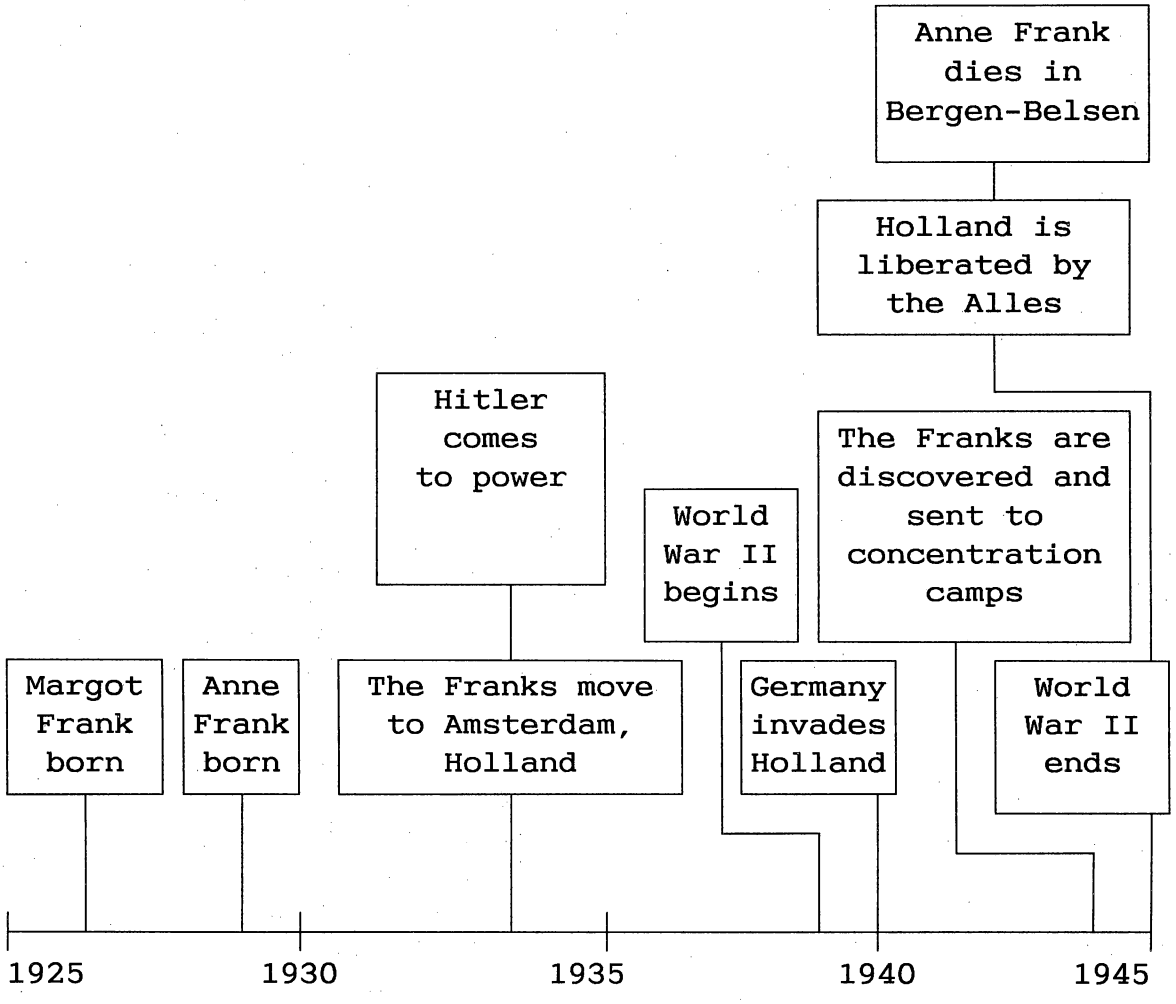
1. Time Line 1925-1945
2. The Diary
3. What Happened to Anne Frank
4. Scapegoating

These worksheets were reformatted from Society For Visual Education materials (1985). They were selected to cause students to care about what happened to the occupants of the hiding place. If students care about what has happened in our past, hopefully, they will develop strong convictions to not allow this to happen again. Students will then develop

character skills. They will learn to care and begin to appreciate the value of all life.

Time Line 1925-1945

Time lines show us the order in which events occur. The time line below shows events in Anne Frank's life that took place between the years 1925 and 1945. Each mark on the time line stands for one year. Study the time line and answer the following questions.



1. When was Anne Frank born? _____

2. How old was Margot Frank when Anne was born? _____

3. Why did the Franks leave Germany in 1933? _____

4. In what year did Germany invade Holland? _____

5. How old was Anne when she went into hiding? _____

6. How many years did Anne spend in the "Secret Annex?" _____

7. What happened to Anne and her family in 1944? _____

8. How long did the German occupation of Holland last? _____

9. In what year did Anne Frank die? _____

The Diary

What happened to Anne's diary after her capture? Miep, one of the helpers, tells how she found the diary together with her husband and Elli, another helper: "In the afternoon of the day of disaster, we decided to enter the 'Secret Annex' after the office closed. We went upstairs in fear. We went through the rooms as quickly as possible but it was clear that anything of value had been taken away. What was left--books, photos, papers, etc., had been thrown onto a heap. In the heap we found Anne's first diary that she had received on her birthday in 1942. We also found the other diaries and many loose pages. We were afraid to stay long.

I kept everything unread in my desk. When Mr. Frank returned from the concentration camp at the end of May, 1945, I didn't give him Anne's diaries immediately. They were still Anne's property and she could have still been alive..."

When it was clear that Anne was dead, Miep gave the papers to Mr. Frank. For the first time he read his daughter's story. In 1947, the diary was published under

the title Het Achterhuis just as Anne had planned. Later it was translated from Dutch into many languages.

1. Who found Anne's diary?
2. Where was the diary found?
3. Why were Miep and Elli afraid to stay long in the "Secret Annex"?
4. Why didn't Miep give Mr. Frank Anne's diary as soon as he returned from the concentration camp?
5. Where did Mr. Frank get the title for Anne's book?

What Happened to Anne Frank?

What happened to Anne Frank and the other people from the "Secret Annex" after they were discovered by the Nazis on August 4, 1944? The Franks and Van Daans were sent to many different places after their capture. Read the passage and then follow the directions.

On September 3, 1944, all eight were transported from Holland to the concentration camp of Auschwitz. Upon arrival at Auschwitz, the prisoners had to walk past Nazi "doctors" who decided whether they would be killed immediately or if they looked strong enough to work. Because Mr. Van Daan did not seem very healthy, he was sent straight to the gas chamber and died on September 6, 1944.

When the families arrived at Auschwitz, the war was going badly for Germany. The Americans had landed in France and were making their way eastward towards Germany. The Russians were also making great advances and were moving westward into Poland. Because the Russians were approaching, the Nazis began shipping thousands of Jews from Auschwitz to other concentration camps in the west.

In November, Anne, Margot and Mrs. Van Daan were sent to Bergen-Belsen in Germany. Mr. Dussel was sent to Neuengamme where he died about December 20. In January, 1945, the Russians closed in on Auschwitz. By this time, Mrs. Frank was very weak. She died in Auschwitz about January 6,1945. Just before the liberation, Peter Van Daan was sent from Auschwitz to Mauthausen. On January 27, 1945, Mr. Frank was freed by the Russians and taken into a hospital.

In February, the American troops were entering Germany from the west. Mrs. Van Daan was sent from Bergen-Belsen to Buchenwald. Bergen-Belsen was very crowded and full of disease. In March, 1945, Margot and Anne both caught typhus and died within a few days of each other. Mrs. Van Daan was sent from Buchenwald to Theriesenstadt where she died at the end of April. Peter Van Daan died in Mauthausen, just before that camp's liberation. On May 8, 1945, Germany surrendered and the war in Europe came to an end. Of the eight people who lived in the "Secret Annex", only Mr. Frank had survived.

Mr. Frank returned to Amsterdam in June, 1945, and went to live with Miep and Henk, two of the "helpers". In 1953, he remarried and went to live in Basel, Switzerland. Mr. Frank died in Basel on August 20, 1980. He was 91 years old.

Writing Activity:

1. Draw a map of Europe.
2. Look at Europe on a map or globe. Then on your map draw a star where you would find Amsterdam. Draw a box where you would find Basel.
3. Using a solid line, trace Mrs. Van Daans route from Auschwitz to the other camps. Using a dotted line, trace Peter Van Daan's route.
4. On the other side of the paper, explain why the families were moved around so much towards the end of the war.

Scapegoating

Scapegoating occurs when someone is blamed for something they did not do. Read the story below and answer the questions that follow.

When she was growing up in Amsterdam, Anne Frank loved to collect pictures of movie stars. She had a large collection that she talked about a great deal with her classmates. Anne did not bring her pictures to school because it was not allowed. Anne's friend Lenie thought it would be fun to start her own collection. One day, she brought some movie magazines to class and started to cut out pictures. Lenie was careless and dropped a few of the pictures on the floor. When Mr. Keptor, the teacher, found the pictures, he asked the class who they belonged to. At first, no one answered. Finally, Lenie said that the pictures probably belonged to Anne since she was the one with the big collection. Even though Anne said that she didn't know anything about the pictures, everyone in the class agreed with Lenie. Mr. Keptor then noticed the movie magazines in Lenie's desk. When he asked her about them, she admitted that the pictures were hers after all.

Writing Activity:

1. Who was the scapegoat in this story?
2. Why did Lenie lie about the pictures?
3. Why didn't anyone in the class believe Anne when she said that the pictures weren't hers?
4. How would you have felt in Anne's place?
5. Have you ever been blamed for something that you did not do?

Lesson Five: The Diary of Anne Frank, The Culminating Project

(Teaching time two weeks)

After the week of viewing the diary and the follow-up activities, students will work together in groups and each prepare their individual project. Each student's project will include:

1. *The Secret Annex*, The Hiding Place

   Students will draw their interpretation of The Hiding Place from the description on page 303 of the *Prentice Hall, Silver* literature book.

2. *Open Mind of Anne* (see Appendix B) (*)
3. *I Know* (Anne Frank) (*)
4. Time Line of Anne's Life (see previous lesson)
5. *I Am Poem* (*)
6. Two page summary of Anne's life
7. Conclusion in student's own words. 1-2 pages
8. My thoughts....

(*) Indicates materials provided to help students with the project.

I KNOW

I KNOW...(title of the book or story)

Write four lines of sounds that you heard in the text

I KNOW...(repeat book or story title)

Write three lines of sights that you saw in the text

I KNOW...(repeat book or story title)

Write two lines with smells that you smelled in the text

I KNOW...(repeat book or story title)

Write two lines of sounds from conversations you heard in the text

I KNOW . . . (final repetition of the book or story title)

I Am

I am (two special characteristics you have)

I wonder (something you are actually curious about)

I hear (an imaginary sound)

I see (an imaginary sight)

I want (an imaginary sight)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I pretend (something you actually pretend to do)

I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)

I touch (an imaginary object)

I worry (something that really bothers you)

I cry (something that makes you very sad)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I understand (something you know is true)

I say (something you believe in)

I dream (something you actually dream about)

I try (something you really make an effort about)

I hope (something you actually hope for)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

Appendix D: Evaluation

Directions: Please mark with an X the degree to which you agree or disagree with the following statements or questions, five being the area of most agreement.

1. I used the materials presented in the handbook to a great extent.

   5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
   agree disagree

2. I was effectively involved in the planning for the use of this curriculum this year.

   5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
   agree disagree

3. I expect to continue using this curriculum in the future.

   5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
   agree disagree

4. The curriculum presented many of the cultures and values of my students.

   5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
   agree disagree

5. The activities, such as the multicultural dinner and field trip, were effective in encouraging parent participation.

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

6. I observed considerably more family involvement and participation because of this project.

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

7. I participated greatly in the multicultural celebration and in the field trip.

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

8. The instructions for the use of the materials are adequate.

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

9. I measured considerably more student participation in assignments, and activities (indicated by student grades).

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

10. We experienced appreciably more community in the classroom (measured by student behavioral records).

5 _____ 4 _____ 3 _____ 2 _____ 1
agree disagree

Please answer the following questions.

1. What incentives can you suggest to motivate others to learn about and make use of the curriculum in the project?

   a. _____

   b. _____

   c. _____

2. What suggestions do you have for improvement, additions, or changes in the curriculum?

   a. _____

   b. _____

   c. _____

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